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THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE POET, EXPLANATORY FOOT-NOTES, CRITICAL NOTES, AND A GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

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BY THE

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THE TEMPEST.

FIRST printed in the folio of 1623. The play is badly printed, considerably worse than most of the plays originally printed in that volume; though not so badly as *All's Well*, *Timon of Athens*, and *Coriolanus*. Besides many slighter errors, not very difficult of correction, it has a number of passages that are troublesome in the highest degree, and some that have hitherto baffled the most persevering and painstaking efforts to bring them into a satisfactory state; insomuch that they should, perhaps, be left untouched, as hopelessly incurable. Still I suppose it would hardly do to give up the cause on the plea that the resources of corrective art have here been exhausted. The details of the matter are, I believe, fully presented in the Critical Notes, and therefore need not be further enlarged upon here.

It has been ascertained beyond question that *The Tempest* was written at some time between the years 1603 and 1613. On the one hand, the leading features of Gonzalo's Commonwealth, as described in Act ii., scene 1, were evidently taken from John Florio's translation of Montaigne, which was published in 1603. In Montaigne's essay *Of the Cannibals*, as translated by Florio, we have the following: "Meseemeth that what in these nations we see by experience doth not only exceed all the pictures wherewith licentious Poesy hath proudly embellished the golden age, and all her quaint inventions to feign a happy condition of man, but also the conception and desire of Philosophy. It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kind of traffic, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politic superiority; no use of service, of riches, or of poverty; no contracts, no successions, no dividences; no occupation, but idle; no respect of kindred, but common; no ap-

parel but natural; no manuring of lands; no use of wine, corn, or metal: the very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulation, covetousness, envy, detraction, and pardon, were never heard amongst them."

Here the borrowing is too plain to be questioned; and this fixes the writing of *The Tempest* after 1603. On the other hand, Malone ascertained from some old records that the play was acted by the King's players "before Prince Charles, the Princess Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine, in the beginning of 1613."

But the time of writing is to be gathered more nearly from another source. The play has several points clearly connecting with some of the then recent marvels of Transatlantic discovery: in fact, I suspect America may justly claim to have borne a considerable part in suggesting and shaping this delectable workmanship. In May, 1609, Sir George Somers, with a fleet of nine ships, headed by the *Sea-Venture*, which was called the Admiral's Ship, sailed for Virginia. In mid-ocean they were struck by a terrible tempest, which scattered the whole fleet; seven of the ships, however, reached Virginia; but the *Sea-Venture* was parted from the rest, driven out of her course, and finally wrecked on one of the Bermudas. These islands were then thought to be "a most prodigious and enchanted place, affording nothing but gusts, storms, and foul weather"; on which account they had acquired a bad name, as "an enchanted pile of rocks, and a desert inhabitation of devils."

In 1610 appeared a pamphlet entitled *A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Devils*, giving an account of the storm and shipwreck. The sailors had worked themselves into complete exhaustion, had given over in despair, and taken leave of each other, when the ship was found to be jammed in between two rocks, so that all came safe to land. They found the island uninhabited, the air mild and wholesome, the land exceedingly fruitful; "all the fairies of the rocks were but flocks of birds, and all the devils that haunted the woods were but herds of swine." Staying there some nine months, they had a very delightful time of it, refitted their ship, and then put to sea again, with an ample supply of provisions, and their minds richly freighted with the beauties and wonders of the place.

There can be no rational doubt that from this narrative Shakespeare took various hints for the matter of his drama. Thus much is plainly indicated by his mention of "the still-vex'd Bermoothes," as the Bermudas were then called, and also by the qualities of air and soil ascribed to his happy island. So that 1610 is as early a date as can well be assigned for the composition. The supernatural in the play was no doubt the Poet's own creation; but it would have been in accordance with his usual method to avail himself of whatever interest might spring from the popular notions touching the Bermudas. In his marvellous creations the people would see nothing but the distant marvels with which their fancies were prepossessed.

Concurrent with all this is the internal evidence of the play itself. The style, language, and general cast of thought, the union of richness and severity, the grave, austere beauty of character which pervades it, and the organic compactness of the whole structure, all go to mark it as an issue of the Poet's ripest years. Coleridge regarded it as "certainly one of Shakespeare's latest works, judging from the language only." Campbell the poet considers it his very latest. "*The Tempest*," says he, "has a sort of sacredness as the last work of a mighty workman. Shakespeare, as if conscious that it would be his last, and as if inspired to typify himself, has made his hero a natural, a dignified, and benevolent magician, who could conjure up 'spirits from the vasty deep,' and command supernatural agency by the most seemingly-natural and simple means. Shakespeare himself is Prospero, or rather the superior genius who commands both Prospero and Ariel. But the time was approaching when the potent sorcerer was to break his staff, and bury it fathoms in the ocean 'deeper than did ever plummet sound.' That staff has never been and will never be recovered."

But I suspect there is more of poetry than of truth in this; at least I can find no warrant for it: on the contrary, we have fair ground for believing that at least *Coriolanus*, *King Henry the Eighth*, and perhaps *The Winter's Tale* were written after *The Tempest*. Verplanck, rather than give up the notion so well put by Campbell, suggests that the Poet may have *revised The Tempest* after all his other plays were written, and inserted the passage

where Prospero abjures his "rough magic," and buries his staff, and drowns his book. But I can hardly think that Shakespeare had any reference to himself in that passage: for, besides that he did not use to put his own feelings and purposes into the mouth of his characters, the doing so in this case would infer such a degree of self-exultation as, it seems to me, his native and habitual modesty would scarce permit.

Shakespeare was so unconscious of his great inventive faculty, so unambitious of originality in his plots and materials, and so apt to found his plays upon some popular chronicle or tale or romance, that he is generally, perhaps justly, presumed to have done so in this instance. Yet no play or novel has been identified as having furnished, in any sort, the basis of *The Tempest*, or any materials towards the composition. Commentators have been very diligent and inquisitive in the search; still, for aught appears thus far, the probability is, that, in this case, the plot had its origin in the Poet's mind. Collins the poet, indeed, told Thomas Warton that he had met with a novel called *Aurelio and Isabella*, dated 1588, and printed in Italian, Spanish, French, and English, upon which he thought *The Tempest* to have been founded: but poor Collins was at the time suffering under his mental disorder; and, as regards the particular novel he mentioned, his memory must have been at fault; for the story of Aurelio and Isabella has nothing in common with the play.

In the year 1841, however, Mr. Thoms called attention, in *The New Monthly Magazine*, to some remarkable coincidences between *The Tempest* and a German dramatic piece entitled *The Beautiful Sidea*, composed by Jacob Ayrer, who was a notary of Nuremberg, and contemporary with Shakespeare. In this piece, Prince Ludolph and Prince Leudegast answer to Prospero and Alonso. Ludolph is a magician, has an only daughter, Sidea, and an attendant spirit, Runcifal, who has some points of resemblance to Ariel. Soon after the opening of the piece, Ludolph, having been vanquished by his rival, and driven with his daughter into a forest, rebukes her for complaining of their change of fortune; and then summons his spirit Runcifal, in order to learn from him their future destiny, and their prospects of revenge. Runcifal, who, like Ariel, is somewhat "moody,"

announces to Ludolph that the son of his enemy will shortly become his prisoner. After a comic episode, Prince Leudegast, with his son Engelbrecht and the counsellors, is seen hunting in the same forest, when Engelbrecht and his companion Famulus, having separated from their associates, are suddenly encountered by Ludolph and his daughter. He commands them to yield themselves prisoners; they refuse, and attempt to draw their swords, when he renders them powerless by a touch of his magical wand, and gives Engelbrecht over to Sidea, to carry logs of wood for her, and to obey her in all things. Later in the piece, Sidea, moved with pity for the prince's labour in carrying logs, declares that she would "feel great joy, if he would prove faithful to me, and take me in wedlock"; an event which is at last happily brought to pass, and leads to a reconciliation of their parents.

Here the resemblances are evidently much too close to have been accidental: either the German must have borrowed from Shakespeare, or Shakespeare from the German, or both of them from some common source. Tieck gave it as his opinion that the German was derived from an English original now lost, to which Shakespeare was also indebted for the incidents of *The Tempest*. There the matter has to rest for the present. — There is, besides, an old ballad called *The Inchanted Island*, which was once thought to have contributed something towards the play: but it is now generally held to be more modern than the play, and probably founded upon it; the names and some of the incidents being varied, as if on purpose to disguise its connection with a work that was popular on the stage.

There has been considerable discussion as to the scene of *The Tempest*. A wide range of critics from Mr. Chalmers to Mrs. Jameson have taken for granted that the Poet fixed his scene in the Bermudas. For this they have alleged no authority but his mention of "the still-vex'd Bermoothes." Ariel's trip from "the deep nook to fetch dew from the still-vex'd Bermoothes" does indeed show that the Bermudas were in the Poet's mind; but then it also shows that his scene was not there; for it had been no feat at all worth mentioning for Ariel to fetch dew from one part of the Bermudas to another. An aerial voyage of some

two or three thousand miles was the least that so nimble a messenger could be expected to make any account of. Besides, in less than an hour after the wrecking of the King's ship, the rest of the fleet are said to be upon the Mediterranean, "bound sadly home from Naples." On the other hand, the Rev. Mr. Hunter is very positive that, if we read the play with a map before us, we shall bring up at the island of Lampedusa, which "lies midway between Malta and the African coast." He makes out a pretty fair case, nevertheless I must be excused; not so much that I positively reject his theory as that I simply do not care whether it be true or not. But, if we must have any supposal about it, the most reasonable as well as the most poetical one seems to be, that the Poet, writing without a map, placed his scene upon an island of the mind; and that it suited his purpose to transfer to his ideal whereabout some of the wonders of Transatlantic discovery. I should almost as soon think of going to history for the characters of Ariel and Caliban, as to geography for the size, locality, or whatsoever else, of their dwelling-place. And it is to be noted that the old ballad just referred to seems to take for granted that the island was but an island of the mind; representing it to have disappeared upon Prospero's leaving it:

From that day forth the isle has been
By wandering sailors never seen:
  Some say 'tis buried deep
Beneath the sea, which breaks and roars
Above its savage rocky shores,
  Nor e'er is known to sleep.

THE TEMPEST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALONSO, King of Naples.
FERDINAND, his Son.
SEBASTIAN, his Brother.
PROSPERO, Duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his Brother.
GONZALO, an old Counsellor.
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, } Lords.
CALIBAN, a deformed Savage.
TRINCULO, a Jester.
STEPHANO, a Butler.
Master of a Ship.
Boatswain, and Mariners.

MIRANDA, Daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
Other Spirits attending on Prospero.
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, Nymphs, Reapers, } presented by Spirits.

SCENE. — *A Ship at Sea; afterwards an uninhabited Island.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *On a Ship at sea. A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter Master *and* Boatswain *severally.*

Mast. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master; what cheer?

Mast. Good,[1] speak to th' mariners: fall to't yarely,[2] or we run ourselves a-ground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

[1] Here, as in many other places, *good* is used just as we now use *well.* So a little after: "*Good*, yet remember whom thou hast aboard." Also in *Hamlet*, i. 1: "*Good* now, sit down, and tell me," &c.

[2] *Yarely* is *nimbly*, *briskly*, or *alertly*. So, in the next speech, *yare*, an imperative verb, is *be nimble*, or *be on the alert.* In North's Plutarch we

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to th' master's whistle. [*Exeunt* Mariners.] — Blow till thou burst thy wind,[3] if room enough![4]

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and others.*

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.[5]

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Anto. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

Gonza. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gonza. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present,[6] we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin

have such phrases as "galleys not *yare* of steerage," and "ships light of *yarage*," and "galleys heavy of *yarage*."

[3] In Shakespeare's time, the wind was often represented pictorially by the figure of a man with his cheeks puffed out to their utmost tension with the act of blowing. Probably the Poet had such a figure in his mind. So in *King Lear*, iii. 2: "Blow, winds, and *crack your cheeks!*"

[4] That is, "if *we have* sea-room enough." So in *Pericles*, iii. 1: "But *sea-room*, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the Moon, I care not."

[5] Act with spirit, behave like men. So in 2 Samuel, x. 12: "Be of good courage, and let us *play the men* for our people."

[6] *Present* for *present time.* So in the Prayer-Book: "That those things may please Him which we do at this *present*."

for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. — Cheerly, good hearts! — Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

Gonza. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning-mark upon him; his complexion[7] is perfect gallows. — Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast![8] yare; lower, lower! Bring her to try wi' th' main-course.[9] [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.[10] —

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Sebas. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Anto. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drown'd[11] than thou art.

[7] *Complexion* was often used for *nature, native bent* or *aptitude.*

[8] Of this order Lord Mulgrave, a sailor critic, says, "The striking the top-mast was a new invention in Shakespeare's time, which he here very properly introduces. He has placed his ship in the situation in which it was indisputably right to strike the top-mast, — where he had not sea-room."

[9] This appears to have been a common nautical phrase. So in Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1598: "And when the bark had way we cut the hauser, and so gat the sea to our friend, and *tried out* all the day *with our maine* course." Also in Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 1627: "Let us lie at *trie with our maine course.*" And Sir Walter Raleigh speaks of being "obliged to lye at trye with our maine course and mizen." *To lie at try* is to keep as close to the wind as possible.

[10] *Weather* for *storm.* "Their howling drowns both the roaring of the tempest and the commands of the officer," or "our official orders."

[11] "Less afraid *of being* drown'd." So the Poet often uses the infinitive gerundively, or like the Latin *gerund.* See vol. i. page 207, note 12.

Gonza. I'll warrant him for drowning,[12] though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch wench.[13]

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses![14] off to sea again; lay her off!

Re-enter Mariners, *wet.*

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gonza. The King and Prince at prayers! let us assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Sebas. I'm out of patience.

Anto. We're merely[15] cheated of our lives by drunkards.
This wide-chopp'd rascal — would thou mightst lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides!

12 *As to*, or *as regards*, drowning. A not uncommon use of *for*. — Gonzalo has in mind the old proverb, "He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned."

13 The meaning of this may be gathered from a passage in Fletcher's *Mad Lover*: Chilias says to the Priestess, "Be quiet, and be *stanch* too; no *inundations*."

14 A ship's *courses* are her largest lower sails; "so called," says Holt, "because they contribute most to give her way through the water, and thus enable her to feel the helm, and steer her *course* better than when they are not *set* or spread to the wind." Captain Glascock, another sailor critic, comments thus: "The ship's head is to be put leeward, and the vessel to be drawn off the land under that canvas nautically denominated the two courses." To *lay a ship a-hold* is to bring her to lie as near the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to sea. So Admiral Smith, in his *Sailors' Wordbook*: "A hold: A term of our early navigators, for bringing a ship close to the wind, so as to hold or keep to it."

15 *Merely*, here, is *utterly* or *absolutely*. A frequent usage. So in *Hamlet*, i. 2: "Things rank and gross in nature possess it *merely*."

Gonza. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at widest to glut him.[16]

A confused noise within. Mercy on us! We split, we split! — Farewell, my wife and children! — Farewell, brother! — We split, we split, we split! [*Exit* Boatswain.

Anto. Let's all sink wi' th' King.[17] [*Exit.*

Sebas. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gonza. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; ling, heath, broom, furze, any thing.[18] The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.[19] [*Exit.*

16 *Glut* for *englut*; that is, *swallow up*. — *Widest* is here a monosyllable The same with many words that are commonly two syllables.

17 This double elision of *with* and *the*, so as to draw the two into one syllable, is quite frequent, especially in the Poet's later plays. So before in this scene: "Bring her to try *wi' th'* main course." Single elisions for the same purpose, such as *by th'*, *for th'*, *to th'*, &c., are still more frequent. So in the first speech of the next scene: "Mounting *to th'* welkin's cheek."

18 *Ling*, *heath*, *broom*, and *furze* were names of plants growing on British barrens. So in Harrison's description of Britain, prefixed to Holinshed: "*Brome*, *heth*, *firze*, brakes, whinnes, *ling*, &c."

19 The first scene of *The Tempest* is a very striking instance of the great accuracy of Shakespeare's knowledge in a professional science, the most difficult to attain without the help of experience. He must have acquired it by conversation with some of the most skilful seamen of that time. The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described; the expedients adopted are the most proper that could have been devised for a chance of safety: and it is neither to the want of skill of the seamen or the bad qualities of the ship, but solely to the power of Prospero, that the shipwreck is to be attributed. The words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail. Shakespeare's ship was too well manned to make it necessary to tell the seamen how they were to do it, as well as what they were to do. — LORD MULGRAVE.

SCENE II. — *The Island: before the Cell of* PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,[1]
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave[2] vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er[3]
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting souls[4] within her.
Pros. Be collected;
No more amazement:[5] tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.
Mira. O, woe the day!
Pros. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee, —

[1] *Welkin* is *sky*. We have other like expressions; as, "the cloudy cheeks of heaven," in *Richard the Second*, and "the wide cheeks o' the air," in *Coriolanus*. — The hyperbole of waves rolling sky-high occurs repeatedly.

[2] *Brave* is *fine* or *splendid;* like the Scottish *braw*. Repeatedly so in this play, as also elsewhere.

[3] *Or e'er* is *before* or *sooner than*. So in Ecclesiastes, xii. 6: "*Or ever* the silver cord be loosed."

[4] *Fraught* is an old form of *freight*. Present usage would require *fraughted*. In Shakespeare's time, the active and passive forms were very often used indiscriminately. So, here, "fraughting souls" is *freighted* souls, or souls on freight.

[5] The sense of *amazement* was much stronger than it is now. Here it is *anguish* or *distress* of mind.

Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, — who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better [6]
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.
  Mira. More to know
Did never meddle [7] with my thoughts.
  Pros. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. — So:
[*Lays down his robe.*
Lie there, my art.[8] — Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such prevision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul [9] —
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know further.
  Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*
  Pros. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear:
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember

[6] This doubling of comparatives occurs continually in all the writers of Shakespeare's time. The same with superlatives.

[7] To *meddle* is, properly, to *mix*, to *mingle*.

[8] Lord Burleigh, at night when he put off his gown, used to say, "Lie there, Lord Treasurer"; and, bidding adieu to all State affairs, disposed himself to his quiet rest. — FULLER'S *Holy State*.

[9] The sense is here left incomplete, and purposely, no doubt. Prospero has many like changes of construction in this part of the scene.

A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.[10]
Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.
Pros. By what? by any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me that
Hath kept with the remembrance.
Mira. 'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?
Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou else
In the dark backward and abysm[11] of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou mayest.[12]
Mira. But that I do not.
Pros. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year[13] since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.
Mira. Sir, are not you my father?
Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; thou his only heir,
A princess, — no worse issued.
Mira. O the Heavens!

[10] Not *fully* three years old. We have a like use of *out* in iv. 1: 'But, play with sparrows, and be a boy right *out*."

[11] *Abysm* is an old form of *abyss;* from the old French *abisme*.

[12] "If thou remember'st aught *ere* thou camest here, thou mayst also remember *how* thou camest here."

[13] In words denoting time, space, and quantity, the singular form was often used with the plural sense. So we have *mile* and *pound* for *miles* and *pounds*. — In this line, the first *year* is two syllables, the second one. Often so with various other words, such as *hour*, *fire*, &c.

What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessèd was't we did?
Pros. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence;
But blessedly holp[14] hither.
Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen[15] that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, further.
Pros. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio, —
I pray thee, mark me, — that a brother should
Be so perfidious! — he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my State;[16] as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,[17]
And Prospero the prime Duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my State grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle, —
Dost thou attend me?
Mira. Sir, most heedfully.
Pros. — Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who[18] t' advance, and who
To trash for over-topping,[19] — new-created

14 *Holp* or *holpen* is the old preterite of *help;* occurring continually in *The Psalter*, which is an older translation of the Psalms than that in the Bible.

15 *Teen* is an old word for *trouble, anxiety,* or *sorrow.* So in *Love's Labours Lost*, iv. 3: "Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of *teen*."

16 *Manage* for *management* or *administration.* Repeatedly so.

17 *Signiory* for *lordship* or *principality.* Botero, in his *Relations of the World*, 1630, says, "Milan claims to be the first duchy in Europe."

18 This use of *who* where present usage requires *whom* was not ungrammatical in Shakespeare's time.

19 To *trash* for *overtopping* is to *check* the *overgrowth*, to reduce the exorbitancy. The word seems to have been a hunting-term for checking the

The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,
Or else new-form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office,[20] set all hearts i' the State
To what tune pleased his ear; that[21] now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd the verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.[22]

Mira. O good sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but[23] by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate,[24] in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound.[25] He being thus lorded,

speed of hounds when too forward; the *trash* being a strap or rope fastened to the dog's neck, and dragging on the ground. The sense of *clogging* or *keeping back* is the right antithesis to *advance.*

20 "The *key* of officer and office" is the *tuning* key; as of a piano.

21 *That* is here equivalent to *so that,* or *insomuch that.* Continually so in old poetry, and not seldom in old prose.

22 The old gentleman thinks his daughter is not attending to his tale, because his own thoughts keep wandering from it; his mind being filled with other things, — the tempest he has got up, and the consequences of it. This absence or distraction of mind aptly registers itself in the irregular and broken style of his narrative.

23 This is the exceptive *but,* as it is called, and has the force of *be out,* of which it is, indeed, an old contraction. So later in this scene: "And, *but* he's something stain'd with grief," &c.; where *but* evidently has the force of *except that.*

24 The meaning seems to be, "Which would have exceeded all popular estimate, but that it withdrew me from my public duties"; as if he were sensible of his error in getting so "rapt in secret studies" as to leave the State a prey to violence and usurpation.

25 *Sans* is the French equivalent for *without.* The Poet uses it whenever he wants a monosyllable with that meaning.

Not only with what my revénue[26] yielded,
But what my power might else exact, — like one
Who having unto truth, by falsing of it,[27]
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit[28] his own lie, — he did believe
He was indeed the Duke; out o' the substitution,[29]
And executing th' outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing, —
Dost thou hear?[30]

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And them he play'd it for,[31] he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me,[32] poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates —

[26] Shakespeare, in a few instances, has *revenue* with the accent on the first syllable, as in the vulgar pronunciation of our time. Here the accent is on the second syllable, as it should be. See vol. iii. page 13, note 20.

[27] The verb to *false* was often used for to *treat falsely*, to *falsify*, to *forge*, to *lie*. So in *Cymbeline*, ii. 3: "And make Diana's rangers *false* themselves." And in *The Faerie Queene*, ii. 1, 1: "Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands, for *falsèd* letters." Also in i. 3, 30: "And in his *falsèd* fancy he her takes to be the fairest wight," &c. And in Drant's Horace: "The taverner that *falseth* othes, and little reckes to lye." — The pronoun *it* may refer to *truth*, or may be used absolutely; probably the former. The Poet has such phrases as to *prince it*, for to *act the prince*, and to *monster it*, for to *be a monster*. And so the word is often used now in all sorts of speech and writing; as to *braze it out*, and to *foot it through*. See Critical Notes.

[28] "*As* to credit" is the meaning. The Poet often omits *as* in such cases. Sometimes he omits both of the correlatives *so* and *as*.

[29] That is, "*in consequence* of his being my substitute or deputy."

[30] In this place, *hear* was probably meant as a dissyllable; just as *year* a little before. So, at all events, the verse requires.

[31] This is well explained by Mr. P. A. Daniel: "Prospero was the screen behind which the traitorous Antonio governed the people of Milan; and, to remove this screen between himself and them, he conspired his brother's overthrow."

[32] "*For* me" is the meaning. Such ellipses are frequent.

So dry he was for sway[33] — wi' th' King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, — alas, poor Milan! —
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the Heavens!

Pros. Mark his condition, and th' event;[34] then tell me,
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin
To think but nobly[35] of my grandmother.

Pros. Good wombs have borne bad sons. Now the condition:
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises,[36] —
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute, —
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to th' practice,[37] did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried on't then,

[33] So *thirsty* for power or rule; no uncommon use of *dry* now.

[34] *Condition* is the terms of his compact with the King of Naples; *event*, the consequences that followed.

[35] "*But* nobly" is *otherwise than* nobly. *To think* for *in thinking*. Another instance of the gerundial infinitive. See page 11, note 11.

[36] *In lieu of* is *in return for*, or *in consideration of*. Shakespeare never uses the phrase in its present meaning, *instead of*. See vol. I. page 200, note 9. Also vol. iii. page 221, note 33.

[37] *Plot*, *stratagem*, *contrivance* are old meanings of *practice*.

Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint[38]
That wrings mine eyes to't.
  Pros. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon's; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.[39]
  Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
  Pros. Well demanded, wench:[40]
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not —
So dear the love my people bore me — set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few,[41] they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,[42]
To cry to th' sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
  Mira. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!
  Pros. O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,

[38] *Hint* for *cause* or *theme*. A frequent usage. So again in ii. 1: "Our *hint* of woe is common."

[39] *Impertinent* is *irrelevant*, or *out of place; not pertinent;* the old meaning of the word. The Poet never uses *irrelevant*.

[40] *Wench* was a common term of affectionate familiarity.

[41] That is, in few *words*, in *short*. Often so.

[42] *Hoist* for *hoisted;* as, a little before, *quit* for *quitted*. So in *Hamlet*, iii. 4: "'Tis the sport to have the engineer *hoist* with his own petar." The Poet has many preterites so formed. And the same usage occurs in *The Psalter;* as in the 93d Psalm: "The floods are risen, O Lord, the floods have *lift* up their voice."

Infusèd with a fortitude from Heaven,
When I have degg'd[43] the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burden groan'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach,[44] to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?

Pros. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, — being then appointed
Master of this design, — did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much;[45] so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me,
From mine own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pros. Now I arise:[46]

[43] To *deg* is an old provincial word for to *sprinkle*. So explained in Carr's *Glossary*: "To *deg* clothes is to sprinkle them with water previous to ironing." And in Atkinson's *Glossary of the Cleveland Dialect*, *degg* or *dagg* is explained "to sprinkle with water, to drizzle." Also, in Brockett's *Glossary of North-Country Words*: "*Dag*, a drizzling rain, dew upon the grass." — The foregoing quotations are from the Clarendon edition. See Critical Notes.

[44] An *undergoing stomach* is an *enduring courage*. Shakespeare uses *stomach* repeatedly for *courage*.

[45] Have stood us in good stead, or done us much service.

[46] These words have been a great puzzle to the editors, and various explanations of them have been given. Staunton prints them as addressed to Ariel, and thinks this removes the difficulty. So taken, the words are meant to give Ariel notice that the speaker is now ready for his services in charming Miranda to sleep. But this does not seem to me very likely, as it makes Prospero give Ariel a second notice, in his next speech. So I rather adopt the explanation of Mr. Aldis Wright, who thinks Prospero means that "the crisis in his own fortunes has come"; that he is now about to emerge from

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit[47]
Than other princesses can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir, —
For still 'tis beating in my mind, — your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pros. Know thus far forth:
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune —
Now my dear lady — hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith[48] doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dullness,
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose. —
[MIRANDA *sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come! I'm ready now:
Approach my Ariel; come!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride

the troubles of which he has been speaking; and that he regards this "re-appearance from obscurity as a kind of resurrection, like the rising of the Sun." This view is fully approved by Mr. Joseph Crosby.

47 *Profit* is here a verb: "Have *caused* thee to profit more," &c.

48 The common explanation of this is, "In astrological language *zenith* is the *highest point* in one's fortunes." But I much prefer Mr. Crosby's explanation, who writes me as follows: "Note, here, the blending of ideas by the speaker: he means to say, 'My fortune depends upon a star which, being now in its zenith, is auspicious to me.'"

On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.[49]

Pros. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point[50] the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the King's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist,[51] the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometime I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,[52]
Then meet, and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary[53]
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pros. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil[54]
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad,[55] and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the King's son, Ferdinand,

49 That is, all of his *kind*, all his *fellow-spirits*, or who are like him.

50 Perform'd *exactly*, or in *every point;* from the French *à point.*

51 *Beak*, the prow of the ship; *waist*, the part between the quarter-deck and forecastle.

52 So in the account of Robert Tomson's voyage, 1555, quoted by Mr. Hunter: "This light continued aboard our ship about three hours, flying from mast to mast, and from top to top; and sometimes it would be in two or three places at once." In the text, *distinctly* has the sense of *separately;* flaming in different places at the same time.

53 *Momentary* in the sense of *instantaneous.*

54 *Coil* is *stir*, *tumult*, or *disturbance.* See vol. iv. page 248, note 6.

55 Such a fever as madmen feel when the frantic fit is on them.

With hair up-staring,[56] — then like reeds, not hair, —
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,*
And all the devils are here.

Pros. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their unstaining[57] garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The King's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle,[58] and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.[59]

Pros. Of the King's ship
The mariners, say, how hast thou disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the King's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes,[60] there she's hid:

[56] *Upstaring* is *sticking out* "like quills upon the fretful porpentine." So in *The Faerie Queene*, vi. 11, 27: "With ragged weedes, and *locks upstaring* hye." And in *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 3: "Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil, that makest my blood cold, and my hair to *stare?*"

[57] *Unstaining* for *unstained;* another instance of the indiscriminate use of active and passive forms. This usage, both in participles and adjectives, is frequent all through these plays. So, in *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 3, we have "*discontenting* father" for *discontented* father; and in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 13, "all-*obeying* breath" for all-*obeyed* breath, that is, breath that *all obey.* See, also, page 14, note 4.

[58] *Odd angle* is *insignificant* or *out-of-the way corner.*

[59] His arms folded up as in sorrowful meditation.

[60] *Still-vex'd* is *ever-troubled.* The Poet very often uses *still* in the sense of *ever* or *continually.* The Bermudas were supposed to be inhabited or haunted by witches and devils, and the sea around them to be agitated with

The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I've left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,[61]
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the King's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season,
At least two glasses.[62]

Pros. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember[63] thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pros. How now! moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pros. Before the time be out? no more!

Ari. I pr'ythee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;

perpetual storms. *Bermoothes* was then the common spelling of *Bermudas.* So in Fletcher's *Women Pleased,* i. 2: "The Devil should think of purchasing that egg-shell, to victual such a witch for the Burmoothes." Also in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi,* iii. 2: "I would sooner swim to the Bermootha's on two politicians' rotten bladders."

61 *Flote,* like the French *flot,* is *flood, wave,* or *sea.* This passage shows that the scene of the play is *not* laid in the Bermudas, as there has not been time for the rest of the fleet to sail so far. And Ariel's trip to fetch the dew mentioned above was a much greater feat than going from one part of the Bermoothes to another.

62 *Two glasses* is *two runnings* of the hour-glass.

63 *Remember* for *remind,* or *put in mind.* Often so.

Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pros. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pros. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep; to run upon the sharp
Wind of the North; to do me business in
The veins o' the earth when it is baked with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing![64] Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy[65]
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pros. Thou hast: where was she born? speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.[66]

Pros. O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she had,[67]
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pros. This blue-eyed hag[68] was hither brought with child,

[64] Prospero should not be supposed to say this in earnest: he is merely playing with his delicate and amiable minister.

[65] Here, as commonly in Shakespeare, *envy* is *malice*. And so he has *envious* repeatedly for *malicious*. The usage was common.

[66] *Argier* is the old English name for *Algiers*.

[67] What this one thing was, appears in Prospero's next speech.

[68] *Blue-eyed* and *blue eyes* were used, not for what we so designate, but for *blueness about the eyes*. So, in *As You Like It*, iii. 2, we have "a *blue eye*,

And here was left by th' sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for[69] thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests,[70] she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine;[71] within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike.[72] Then was this island —
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born — not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.

Pros. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo. It was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

and a sunken," to denote a gaunt, haggard, and cadaverous look. And so, in the text, *blue-eyed* is used as signifying extreme ugliness. In the Poet's time, what we call *blue* eyes were commonly called *gray*, and were considered eminently beautiful.

[69] Here, as often, *for* is *because*. See vol. iii. page 129, note 6.

[70] *Hests* is *commands*, *orders*, or *behests*.

[71] *Into* and *in* were often used indiscriminately. Here, however, I suspect the sense of both words is implied: "She thrust you *into* a *splitted* pine, and there fastened you *in*."

[72] The reference is to *wind-mills*, which made a great clatter.

Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou'st howl'd away twelve Winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.

Pros. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

Pros. Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea:
Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in't: hence with diligence! — [*Exit* ARIEL.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mira. [*Waking.*] The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pros. Shake it off. Come on;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pros. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him:[73] he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us. — What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.

Pros. Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee:
Come forth, thou tortoise! when![74] —

[73] Cannot *do without* him, or cannot *spare* him. So in Lyly's *Euphues:* "Honey and wax, both so necessary that we cannot *miss* them."

[74] *When!* was in common use as an exclamation of impatience.

Re-enter ARIEL, *like a Water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint[75] Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the Devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew[76] as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er![77]

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stiches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins[78]
Shall, for that vast[79] of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.[80]

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest here first,

[75] *Ingenious*, *artful*, *adroit*, are old meanings of *quaint*.

[76] "*Wicked* dew" is, probably, dew that has been *cursed*, and so made *poisonous* or *baleful*. See Critical Notes.

[77] The Poet repeatedly ascribes a blighting virulence to the south-west wind; perhaps because, in England, that wind often comes charged with the breath of the Gulf-Stream. So he has "the south-fog rot him!" and "all the contagion of the south light on you!"

[78] *Urchins* were fairies of a particular class. Hedgehogs were also called *urchins;* and it is probable that the sprites were so named, because they were of a mischievous kind, the *urchin* being anciently deemed a very noxious animal.

[79] So in *Hamlet*, i. 2, "in the dead *vast* and middle of the night"; meaning the silent void or vacancy of night, when spirits were anciently supposed to walk abroad on errands of love or sport or mischief.

[80] *Honeycomb* is here regarded as plural, probably in reference to the *cells* of which honeycomb is composed.

Thou strokedst me, and madest much of me ; wouldst give me
Water with berries in't ; [81] and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night : and then I loved thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile :
Cursèd be I that did so ! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you !
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king : and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.

Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness, I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care ; and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho ! would't had been done !
Thou didst prevent me ; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pros. Abhorrèd slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill ! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other : when thou didst not, savage,

[81] It does not well appear what this was. Coffee was known, but, I think, not used, in England in Shakespeare's time. Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1632, has the following: "The Turks have a drink called *coffa*, so named of a *berry* as black as soot, and as bitter." I suspect, however, that the Poet had juniper-berries in his mind. These, steeped in water, have a stimulating or exhilarating effect, which would no doubt be highly grateful to such a taste as Caliban manifests on drinking Stephano's wine. Hooker, in his *Vegetable Kingdom*, says, "The stimulating diuretic powers of the Savin, Juniperus Salina, are well known, and are partaken of in some degree by the common Juniper."

Know thine own meaning,[82] but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid[83] you
For learning me your language!

Pros. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old[84] cramps,
Fill all thy bones with achès,[85] make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee.—
[*Aside.*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,[86]

[82] Did not attach any meaning to the sounds he uttered.

[83] *Rid* here means *destroy* or *dispatch.* So in *Richard the Second,* v. 4: "I am the King's friend, and will *rid* his foe."—Touching the "red plague," Halliwell quotes from *Practise of Physicke,* 1605: "Three different kinds of plague-sore are mentioned; sometimes it is *red,* otherwhiles yellow, and sometimes blacke, which is the very worst and most venimous."

[84] *Old* was much used simply as an intensive, just as *huge* often is now. The Poet has it repeatedly. See vol. iii. page 209, note 2.

[85] *Ache* was formerly pronounced like the letter *H.* The plural, *aches,* was accordingly two syllables. We have many instances of such pronunciation in the old writers. So in *Antony and Cleopatra,* iv. 7: "I had a wound here that was like a T, but now 'tis made an H."

[86] *Setebos* was the name of an American god, or rather devil, worshipped by the Patagonians. In Eden's *History of Travaile,* 1577, is an account of Magellan's voyage to the South Pole, containing a description of this god and his worshippers; wherein the author says: "When they felt the shackles fast about their legs, they began to doubt; but the captain did put them in

And make a vassal of him.

Pros. So, slave; hence!

[*Exit* CALIBAN.

Re-enter ARIEL *invisible, playing and singing;* FERDINAND *following.*

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,[87]
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Burden dispersedly.

Hark, hark! — Bow-wow.
The watch-dogs bark: — Bow-wow.
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer. — Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Ferd. Where should this music be? i' the air, or th' earth?
It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the King my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion[88]
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

comfort and bade them stand still. In fine, when they saw how they were deceived, they roared like bulls, and cryed upon their *great devil Setebos*, to help them."

[87] Soothed or charmed the raging waters into stillness or peace.

[88] *Passion* is here used in its proper Latin sense of *suffering*.

ARIEL *sings*.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change [89]
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Burden. Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them, — Ding-dong, bell.

Ferd. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the Earth owes.[90] I hear it now above me.
Pros. The fringèd curtains of thine eye advance,[91]
And say what thou see'st yond.
Mira. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave [92] form. But 'tis a spirit.
Pros. No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou see'st
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd

[89] Nothing fades *without undergoing* a sea-change. This use of *but* occurs repeatedly. So in *Hamlet*, i. 3: "Do not sleep *but let* me hear from you"; that is, "*without letting* me hear." See vol. v. page 76, note 1.

[90] *Owe* is *own, possess*. The old form of the word was *owen*. Abbott, in his *Shakespeare Grammar*, has the following: "In the general destruction of inflections which prevailed during the Elizabethan period, *en* was particularly discarded. So strong was the discarding tendency, that even the *n* in *owen*, to *possess*, was dropped, and Shakespeare continually uses *owe* for *owen*, or *own*. The *n* has now been restored."

[91] *Advance*, here, is *raise* or *lift up*. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 3: "Ere the Sun *advance* his burning eye." Especially used of lifting up military standards.

[92] *Brave*, again, for *fine* or *superb*. See page 14, note 2.

With grief, that's beauty's canker,[93] thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.
  Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
  Pros. [*Aside.*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. — Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
  Ferd. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! — Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, — O you wonder! —
If you be maid [94] or no?
  Mira. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.
  Ferd. My language! Heavens! —
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
  Pros. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?
  Ferd. A single thing,[95] as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;

[93] Shakespeare uses *canker* in four different senses, — the *canker-worm*, the *dog-rose*, a malignant sore, *cancer*, and *rust* or *tarnish*. Here it probably means the last; as in St. James, v. 3: "Your gold and silver is *cankered;* and the *rust* of them shall be a witness against you."

[94] Ferdinand has already spoken of Miranda as a goddess: he now asks, if she be a mortal; not a celestial being, but a maiden. Of course her answer is to be taken in the same sense as his question. The name *Miranda* literally signifies *wonderful.*

[95] The Poet repeatedly uses *single* for *weak* or *feeble:* here, along with this, it has the further sense of *solitary* or *companionless.* Ferdinand supposes himself to be the only one saved of all that were in the ship.

And that he does I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The King my father wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Ferd. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son [96] being twain.

Pros. [*Aside.*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,[97]
If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight
They have changed eyes. — Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this! — A word, good sir;
I fear you've done yourself some wrong: [98] a word.

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

Ferd. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.

Pros. Soft, sir! one word more. —
[*Aside.*] They're both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. — One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it

[96] This young man, the son of Antonio, nowhere appears in the play, nor is there any other mention of him.

[97] To *control* was formerly used in the sense of to *refute;* from the French *contre-roller*, to exhibit a *contrary account.* Prospero means that he could refute what Ferdinand has just said about the Duke of Milan.

[98] "Done wrong to your character, in claiming to be King of Naples." Or incurred the penalty of being a spy or an usurper, by assuming a title that does not belong to him.

From me, the lord on't.
Ferd. No, as I'm a man.
Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.
Pros. [*To* FERD.] Follow me. —
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. — Come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
Ferd. No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*
Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.[99]
Pros. What, I say,
My fool my tutor! — Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show, but darest not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;[100]
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Beseech you, father! —
Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.
Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

[99] This clearly means that Ferdinand is brave and high-spirited, so that, if pressed too hard, he will rather die than succumb. It is a good old notion that bravery and gentleness naturally go together.

[100] *Ward* is *posture* or *attitude of defence*. Ferdinand is standing with his sword drawn, and his body planted, ready for defending himself. So, in *1 Henry the Fourth*, ii. 4, Falstaff says, "Thou knowest my old *ward*: here I lay, and thus I bore my point."

Pros. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To th' most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
Mira. My affections
Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Pros. [*To* FERD.] Come on; obey:
Thy nerves[101] are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Ferd. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats
To whom I am subdued, are light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a-day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the Earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
Pros. [*Aside.*] It works. — [*To* FERD.] Come on. —
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! — [*To* FERD.] Follow me. —
[*To* ARIEL.] Hark what thou else shalt do me.
Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.
Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do

[101] *Nerves* for *sinews;* the two words being used indifferently in the Poet's time. Also *artery*, as in *Hamlet*, i. 4: "And makes each petty *artery* as hardy as the Nemean lion's *nerve.*"

All points of my command.
Ari. To th' syllable.
Pros. Come, follow. — Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another Part of the Island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gonza. Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause —
So have we all — of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The master of some merchant,[1] and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle —
I mean our preservation — few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.
Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.
Sebas. He receives comfort like cold porridge.
Anto. The visitor[2] will not give him o'er so.
Sebas. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by-and-by it will strike.
Gonza. Sir, —
Sebas. One: — tell.[3]

[1] Meaning what we call a *merchant-vessel* or a *merchant-man.*

[2] He calls Gonzalo a *visitor* in allusion to the office of one who visits the sick or the afflicted, to give counsel and consolation. The caustic scoffing humour of Sebastian and Antonio, in this scene, is wisely conceived.

[3] *Tell* is *count*, or *keep tally;* referring to "the watch of his wit," which he was said to be "winding up," and which now begins to strike.

Gonza. —When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

Sebas. A dollar.

Gonza. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.

Sebas. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gonza. Therefore, my lord,—

Anto. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare me.

Gonza. Well, I have done: but yet—

Sebas. He will be talking.

Anto. Which, of he or Adrian,[4] for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Sebas. The old cock.

Anto. The cockerel.

Sebas. Done! The wager?

Anto. A laughter.

Sebas. A match!

Adri. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Sebas. Ha, ha, ha!—So, you're paid.[5]

Adri. —uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Sebas. Yet—

Adri. —yet—

Anto. He could not miss't.

Adri. —it must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.[6]

[4] This, it appears, is an old mode of speech, which is now entirely obsolete. Shakespeare has it once again. See vol. iii. page 60, note 30. And Walker quotes an apposite passage from Sidney's *Arcadia*: "The question arising, who should be the first to fight against Phalantus, of the black or the ill-apparelled knight," &c.

[5] A laugh having been agreed upon as the wager, and Sebastian having lost, he now pays with a laugh.

[6] By *temperance* Adrian means *temperature*, and Antonio plays upon the word; alluding, perhaps, to the Puritan custom of bestowing the names of the cardinal virtues upon their children.

Anto. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Sebas. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

Adri. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Sebas. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Anto. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gonza. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Anto. True; save means to live.

Sebas. Of that there's none, or little.

Gonza. How lush[7] and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Anto. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Sebas. With an eye of green in't.[8]

Anto. He misses not much.

Sebas. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gonza. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

Sebas. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gonza. —that our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and gloss, being rather new-dyed than stain'd with salt water.

Anto. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

Sebas. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gonza. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Sebas. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adri. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to[9] their Queen.

[7] *Lush* is *juicy, succulent,*—luxuriant.

[8] A *tint* or *shade* of green. So in Sandy's *Travels:* "Cloth of silver, tissued with an *eye* of green;" and Bayle has "Red with an *eye* of blue."

[9] *To* was used in such cases where we should use *for* or *as.* So in the Marriage Office of the Church: "Wilt thou have this woman *to* thy wedded wife?" Also, in St. Mark, xii. 23: "The seven had her *to* wife."

Gonza. Not since widow Dido's time.

Anto. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that *widow* in? widow Dido!

Sebas. What if he had said widower Æneas too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adri. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gonza. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adri. Carthage!

Gonza. I assure you, Carthage.

Anto. His word is more than the miraculous harp.[10]

Sebas. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

Anto. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Sebas. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Anto. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Alon. Ah!

Anto. Why, in good time.

Gonza. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

Anto. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Sebas. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Anto. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gonza. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Anto. That sort was well fish'd for.[11]

[10] Amphion, King of Thebes, was a prodigious musician: god Mercury gave him a lyre, with which he charmed the stones into their places, and thus built the walls of the city: as Wordsworth puts it, "The gift to King Amphion, that wall'd a city with its melody." Tunis is in fact supposed to be on or near the site of ancient Carthage.

[11] A punning allusion, probably, to one of the meanings of *sort*, which was *lot* or *portion;* from the Latin *sors*.

Gonza. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?
Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense.[12] Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate,[13] she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed,
I ne'er again shall see her. — O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?
Fran. Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To th' shore, that o'er his [14] wave-worn basis bow'd,
As [15] stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.
Alon. No, no, he's gone.
Sebas. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who [16] hath cause to wet the grief on't.

[12] That is, "when the state of my feelings does not relish them, or has no *appetite* for them." *Stomach* for *appetite* occurs repeatedly.

[13] *Rate* for *reckoning*, *account*, or *estimation*.

[14] *His* for *its*, referring to *shore*. In the Poet's time *its* was not an accepted word: it was then just creeping into use; and he has it occasionally, especially in his later plays; as it occurs once or twice in this play.

[15] Here *as* is put for *as if;* a very frequent usage with the Poet, as also with other writers of the time.

[16] *Who* and *which* were used indifferently both of persons and things. Here *who* refers to *eye*. And the meaning probably is, "your eye, which hath cause to sprinkle or water your grief with tears." This would of course

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.
Sebas. You were kneel'd to, and impórtuned otherwise,
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at
Which end the beam should bow.[17] We've lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.
Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss.[18]
Gonza. My Lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
Sebas. Very well.
Anto. And most chirurgeonly.[19]
Gonza. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.[20]
Sebas. Foul weather!
Anto. Very foul.
Gonza. Had I plantation[21] of this isle, my lord,—
Anto. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

make the grief grow stronger. "The grief *on't*" is the grief *arising from it* or *out of it;* that is, from the loss or banishment of Claribel.

17 *Hesitated*, or *stood in doubt*, between *reluctance* and obedience, which way the balance should turn or incline. To *weigh* is to *deliberate*, and hence to pause, to be *in suspense*, or to suspend action.

18 *Dear* was used of any thing that causes strong feeling, whether of pleasure or of pain; as it *hurts* us to lose that which is *dear* to us. See vol. v. page 227, note 6.

19 *Chirurgeon* is the old word, which has got transformed into *surgeon*.

20 The meaning is, "your *gloom* makes us all gloomy." A cloud in the face is a common metaphor both for anger and for sorrow.

21 In Shakespeare's time a *plantation* meant a *colony*, and was so used of the American colonies. Here *plantation* is a "verbal noun," and means *the colonizing*.

Sebas. Or docks, or mallows.

Gonza. — And were the king on't, what would I do?

Sebas. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

Gonza. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth,[22] vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all,
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty: —

Sebas. Yet he would be king on't.

Anto. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gonza. — All things in common Nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,[23]
Would I not have; but Nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison,[24] — all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Sebas. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Anto. None, man; all idle, — whores and knaves.

Gonza. I would with such perfection govern, sir,

[22] *Succession* is the tenure of property by inheritance, as the son *succeeds* the father.—*Bourn* is *boundary* or *limit.* Properly it means a stream of water, river, rivulet, or brook; these being the most natural boundaries of landed property.— *Tilth* is *tillage:* also used of land tilled, or prepared for sowing. So in *Measure for Measure,* iv. 1: "Our corn's to reap, for yet our *tilth's* to *sow.*"

[23] *Engine* was applied to any kind of *machine:* here it probably means *furniture of war.*

[24] *Foison* is an old word for *plenty* or *abundance* of provision, especially of the fruits of the soil. Often used so by the Poet.

T' excel the golden age.[25]

Sebas. God save his Majesty!

Anto. Long live Gonzalo!

Gonza. And, — do you mark me, sir? —

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gonza. I do well believe your Highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible[26] and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Anto. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gonza. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you:[27] so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Anto. What a blow was there given!

Sebas. An it had not fallen flat-long.[28]

Gonza. You are gentlemen of brave mettle;[29] you would lift the Moon out of her sphere, if she would[30] continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible; solemn music playing.*

Sebas. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.[31]

[25] "The golden age" is that fabulous period in "the dark backward of time" when men knew nothing of sin and sorrow, and were so wise and good as to have no need of laws and government. Milton, in his *Ode on the Nativity*, has "Time will run back, and fetch the *age of gold*."

[26] *Sensible* for *sensitive*. So in *Coriolanus*, i. 3: "I would your cambric were *sensible* as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity."

[27] Nothing *in comparison with* you. So the Poet often uses *to*.

[28] The idea is of a sword handled so awkwardly as to hit with the side, and not with the edge.

[29] *Brave mettle* is *high, glorious*, or *magnificent spirit*. The Poet often has *mettle* in that sense. — *Sphere*, in the next line, is *orbit*.

[30] Our present usage requires *should*. In Shakespeare's time, the auxiliaries *could*, *should*, and *would* were often used indiscriminately. Again, later in this scene, "*should* not upbraid our course"; *should* for *would*.

[31] *Bat-fowling* was a term used of catching birds in the night. Fielding, in *Joseph Andrews*, calls it *bird-batting*, and says "it is performed by holding a large clap-net before a lantern, and at the same time beating the bushes;

Anto. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gonza. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion[32] so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep? for I am very heavy.

Anto. Go sleep, and hear us not.

[*All sleep but* ALON., SEBAS., *and* ANTO.

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclined to do so.

Sebas. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:[33]
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Anto. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you. — Wondrous heavy.

[ALONSO *sleeps.* *Exit* ARIEL.

Sebas. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Anto. It is the quality o' the climate.

Sebas. Why
Doth it not, then, our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

Anto. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian, O, what might![34] No more:
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,

for the birds, when they are disturbed from their places of rest or roost, immediately make to the light, and so are enticed within the net.

32 That is, "hazard my character for discretion, or put it in peril."

33 "Do not *slight* or *neglect* the *offer of sleep* which it holds out," or "when it offers to make you sleepy." *Heavy* is here used proleptically, or *anticipatively*.

34 "What might *you be!*" is probably the meaning.

What thou shouldst be: th' occasion speaks thee;[35] and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Sebas. What, art thou waking?
Anto. Do you not hear me speak?
Sebas. I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
Anto. Noble Sebastian,
Thou lett'st thy fortune sleep,—die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.[36]
Sebas. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.
Anto. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.[37]
Sebas. Well, I am standing water.[38]
Anto. I'll teach you how to flow.
Sebas. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
Anto. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,

[35] Antonio is probably aiming to tempt Sebastian by flattery; declaring that he sees royalty or majesty in his looks, and that the present occasion bespeaks, points out, or proclaims his elevation to the throne.

[36] "Closest thine eyes as if asleep while thou art awake." *While*, *whiles*, and *whilst* were used indifferently.

[37] "The doing of which will make thee thrice what thou art now."

[38] Water standing between ebb and flow, and so ready to be moved in either direction. So in *Twelfth Night*, i. 5: "'Tis with him e'en *standing water* between boy and man."

You more invest it![39] Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.
Sebas. Pr'ythee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth indeed
Which throes thee much to yield.[40]
Anto. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory[41]
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded —
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade — the King his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.
Sebas. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.
Anto. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond, —
But doubt discovery there.[42] Will you grant with me

[39] Sebastian shows that he both takes and welcomes Antonio's suggestion, by his making it a theme of jest; and the more he thus denudes the hint of obscurity by playing with it, the more he clothes it with his own approval. — "*Ebbing* men" are men whose fortunes are ebbing away or declining.

[40] "In the yielding of which you struggle very hard, and suffer much pain." — *Matter*, here, is *something of vast import.*

[41] *Will* be as little remembered, or as quickly forgotten, as he is apt to forget. *Weak remembrance* means *feeble memory.* Francisco is the lord referred to. — *Shall* where present usage requires *will;* the two being often used indiscriminately.

[42] Cannot pierce so much beyond as may be measured by a wink of the eye; *wink* meaning the same as *jot* or *atom.* Probably all are familiar with the word in that sense. — The last clause is obscure, or worse: probably, if

That Ferdinand is drown'd?
Sebas. He's gone.
Anto. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?
Sebas. Claribel.
Anto. She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life;[43] she that from Naples
Can have no note,[44] unless the Sun were post,—
The Man-i'-the-moon's too slow,—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable: she too for whom[45]
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;[46]
And, by that destiny, to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.
Sebas. What stuff is this! How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.
Anto. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How shalt thou, Claribel,*
Measure us back to Naples?[47] *Keep in Tunis,*

the text be right, the force of *cannot* was meant to be continued over *But doubt.* See Critical Notes.

[43] Beyond a lifetime of travelling. Of course this passage is a piece of intentional hyperbole; and Sebastian shows that he takes it so, by exclaiming, "What *stuff* is this!"

[44] *Note* for *knowledge* or *notice.* Repeatedly so.

[45] *For whom* is here equivalent to *because of whom*, or *on whose account. For* is often used so. Antonio means, apparently, to imply that, inasmuch as Claribel has been the occasion of what has befallen them, they need not scruple to cut her off from the Neapolitan throne. And he goes on to intimate that, by the recent strange events, Sebastian and himself are marked out, as by destiny, for some mighty achievement or some peerless honour.

[46] The image is of being swallowed by the sea, and then cast up, or cast *ashore.*—In the next line, "by that destiny" is by the same destiny through which they have so miraculously escaped drowning.

[47] "Measure the distance back from Naples to us;" or "*return* to us."

And let Sebastian wake! Say, this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps: lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat.[48] O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Sebas. Methinks I do.

Anto. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?[49]

Sebas. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Anto. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater[50] than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

Sebas. But, for your conscience, —

Anto. Ay, sir; and where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,[51]
'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied[52] be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,

[48] Could *produce, breed,* or *train* a parrot to talk as wisely. A *chough* is a bird of the jackdaw kind.

[49] Obscure, again. But the meaning seems to be, "How does your present *contentment,* that is, apathy or indifference, regard or look out for your own advantage or interest?" To *tender* a thing is to *take care of* it, or be *careful for* it.

[50] *Feater* is *more finely,* or more *becomingly.*—*Fellows,* in the next line, is *equals.* The word is often used in that sense.

[51] The Poet has *kibe* several times for the well-known heel-sore, an ulcerated chilblain.

[52] *Candied,* here, is *congealed,* or *crystallized.* So in *Timon of Athens,* iv. 3: "Will the cold brook, *candied with ice,* caudle thy morning taste?"

No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like;[53] whom I,
With this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion[54] as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell[55] the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Sebas. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou gott'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the King shall love thee.

Anto. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Sebas. O, but one word. [*They converse apart.*

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth —
For else his project dies — to keep thee living.
[*Sings in* GONZALO'S *ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.

[53] That is, *dead;* as sleep and death look just like twins.

[54] *Suggest* and its derivatives were often used in the sense of to *tempt.* Thus Shakespeare has such phrases as "tender youth is soon *suggested,*" and "what serpent hath *suggested* thee." The meaning of the text is, "They'll fall in with any temptation"; referring to the other lords present.

[55] *Tell,* again, for *count.* The meaning is, "They'll speak whatever words we choose to have them speak," or "we put into their mouths."

If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! awake!

Anto. Then let us both be sudden.

Gonza. [*Waking.*] Now, good angels
Preserve the King! — [*To* SEBAS. *and* ANTO.] Why, how now! — [*To* ALON.] Ho, awake! —
[*To* SEBAS. *and* ANTO.] Why are you drawn? wherefore this ghastly looking?

Alon. [*Waking.*] What's the matter?

Sebas. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Anto. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gonza. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,
That's verity. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.

Gonza. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.

[*Exit with the others.*

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done: —
So, King, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exit.*

Scene II.—*Another Part of the Island.*

Enter Caliban *with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the Sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal[1] a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows,[2] pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand,[3] in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime[4] like apes, that mow[5] and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks[6] at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness. Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Enter Trinculo.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks

[1] *Inch-meal* and *limb-meal* were used just as we use *piece-meal.*

[2] *Urchin-shows* are *fairy*-shows; as *urchin* was the name of a certain description of fairies. See page 30, note 78.

[3] The *ignis fatuus* was thought to be the work of naughty spirits.

[4] *Sometime* and *sometimes* were used indiscriminately.

[5] To *mow* is to *make mouths.* So Nash's *Pierce Penniless:* "Nobody at home but an ape, that sat in the porch, and made mops and *mows* at him."

[6] *Pricks* is the ancient word for *prickles.*

like a foul bombard[7] that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. — What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not-of-the-newest, poor-john.[8] A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man;[9] any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, — hold it no longer, — this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine;[10] there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past. [*Creeps under* CALIBAN'S *garment.*

Enter STEPHANO, *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

Steph. *I shall no more to sea, to sea,*
Here shall I die ashore; —

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

[7] A *bombard* is a black jack of leather, to hold beer, &c.

[8] *Poor-john* is an old name for *hake* salted and dried.

[9] Sets a man up, or *makes his fortune.* The phrase was often used thus. So in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, iv. 2: "If our sport had gone forward, we had all been *made men.*" And in *Othello*, i. 2: "He hath boarded a land carack: if it prove lawful prize, he's *made* for ever."

[10] A *gaberdine* was a coarse outer garment. "A shepherd's pelt, frock, or *gaberdine*, such a coarse long jacket as our porters wear over the rest of their garments," says Cotgrave. "A kind of rough cassock or frock like an Irish mantle," says Philips.

[Sings.] *The master, the swabber,*[11] *the boatswain, and I,*
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,[12]
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch;
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: — O!

Steph. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with savages and men of Inde,[13] ha? I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at's nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: — O!

Steph. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the Devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.[14]

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee:
I'll bring my wood home faster.

[11] A *swabber* is one whose special business it is to sweep, mop, or *swab* the deck of a ship.

[12] *Tang* was used of what has a pungent or biting taste or flavour.

[13] Alluding, probably, to the impostures practised by showmen, who often exhibited sham wonders pretended to be brought from America. *Inde* for *India*, East or West.

[14] *Neat* is an old epithet for all cattle of the bovine genus. So that *neat's-leather* is *cowhide* or *calfskin*. So in *The Winter's Tale*, i. 2: "And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf are all call'd *neat*."

Steph. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him:[15] he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt;
Thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling:
Now Prosper works upon thee.

Steph. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat:[16] open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: [*Gives him drink.*] you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chops again. [*Gives him more drink.*

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be — but he is drown'd; and these are devils: — O, defend me!

Steph. Four legs, and two voices, — a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: [*Gives him drink.*] — Come, — Amen![17] I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

Steph. Doth thy other mouth call me? — Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano! — If thou be'st Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo, — be not afeard, — thy good friend Trinculo.

Steph. If thou be'st Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee

15 A piece of vulgar irony, meaning, "I'll take as much as I can get."

16 Shakespeare gives his characters appropriate language: "They belch forth proverbs in their drink," "Good liquor will *make a cat speak*," and "He who eats with the devil had need of a *long spoon*."

17 Stephano is frightened, and put to his religion; and *Amen!* is the best he can do towards praying.

by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. [*Pulls* TRINCULO *out.*] Thou art very Trinculo[18] indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf?[19] can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drown'd. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Steph. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. [*Aside.*] These be fine things, an if[20] they be not sprites.
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Steph. How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy
True subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Steph. Here; swear, man, how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

[18] That is, the *real* or *veritable* Trinculo. The Poet often has *very* so.

[19] *Moon-calf* was an imaginary monster, supposed to be generated or misshapen through lunar influence. So in Holland's Pliny: "A false conception called *mola*, that is a moone-calfe; that is to say, a lump of flesh without shape, without life." — *Siege* is an old word for *seat.* So in *Measure for Measure*, iv. 2: "Upon the very *siege* of justice."

[20] In old English, *if*, *an*, and *an if* are exactly equivalent expressions; the latter being merely a reduplication; though it sometimes has the force of *even if.*

Steph. Here, kiss the book. [*Gives him drink.*] Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Steph. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. — How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Steph. Out o' the Moon, I do assure thee: I was the Man-i'-the-moon when time was.

Cal. I've seen thee in her, and I do adore thee:
My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.[21]

Steph. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear. [*Gives* CALIBAN *drink.*

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! — I afeard of him! — a very weak monster! — *The-Man-i'-the-moon!* — a most poor credulous monster! — Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.[22]

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;
And I will kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.[23]

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

Steph. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him, —

Steph. Come, kiss. [*Gives* CALIBAN *drink.*

Trin. — but that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

[21] So in *A Midsummer*, v. 1: "This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn, presenteth moonshine." See vol. iii. page 86, note 18.

[22] *Well drawn* probably means that Caliban has taken a large *draught* of the liquor; as we should say, a *bumper*. — "In good sooth," *sooth* is the same as *truth*. So *soothsayer* originally meant a *truth-speaker*.

[23] That is, will steal the liquor out of his bottle.

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;[24]
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young staniels[25] from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Steph. I pr'ythee now, lead the way without any more talking. — Trinculo, the King and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here.[26] Here, bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by-and-by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing at requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca — Caliban
Has a new master; get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day, hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Steph. O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

24 *Pig-nuts* are probably much the same as what we call *ground-nuts*, — a small bulbous root growing wild.

25 The *staniel* is a species of hawk, also called kestil; a "beautiful species," says Montagu. See Critical Notes.

26 To *possess*, or to *take possession*, is one of the old meanings of to *inherit;* and so the Poet often uses it. See vol. i. page 216, note 9.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before* PROSPERO'S *cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

Ferd. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off:[1] some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be
As heavy to me as 'tis odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's composed of harshness! I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour;
Most busy when I do it least.[2]

Enter MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO *behind.*

Mira. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had

[1] The delight we take in those painful sports *offsets* or *compensates* the exertion they put us to. A similar thought occurs in *Macbeth:* "The labour we delight in physics pain."

[2] That is, "*I being* most busy when I am least occupied." The sense of the two lines appears to be, "The sweet thoughts attending my labour, and springing from what Miranda is thereby moved to say, make even the labour itself refreshing to me; so that I am happiest when I work hardest, and most weary when working least." And Ferdinand "forgets" his task, or loses all sense of its irksomeness, in the pleasantness of his thoughts. "And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her." See Critical Notes.

Burnt up those logs that you're enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself:
He's safe for these three hours.

Ferd. O most dear mistress,
The Sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry't to the pile.

Ferd. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours 'tis 'gainst.

Pros. [*Aside.*] Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Ferd. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda:—O my father,
I've broke your hest to say so!

Ferd. Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I've eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues

Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil:[3] but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I'm skilless of; but, by my modesty, —
The jewel in my dower, — I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Ferd. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king, —
I would, not so! — and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer tamely
The flesh-fly blow[4] my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

[3] I am not quite clear as to the meaning of this. The Poet often uses *foil* for *sword;* and so the sense may be, "put it to the use of its weapon in self-defence." Probably, however, *putting it to the foil* has the sense merely of *foiling it.* To *foil* is to *baffle*, to *frustrate*, to *render nugatory*.

[4] The *flesh-fly* is the fly that *blows* dead flesh, that is, lays maggot-eggs upon it, and so hastens its putrefaction.

Ferd. O Heaven, O Earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else[5] i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool
To weep at what I'm glad of.

Pros. [*Aside.*] Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Ferd. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want.[6] But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow[7]
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Ferd. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband, then?

Ferd. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom:[8] here's my hand.

[5] "*What* else" for *whatsoever* else. The Poet has many instances of relative pronouns thus used *indefinitely*. So in *King Lear*, v. 3: "*What* in the world he is that names me traitor, villain-like he lies."

[6] Die *from wanting*, or *by wanting*. Another gerundial infinitive. We have a like expression in *Much Ado*: "You kill me *to deny* it."

[7] *Fellow* for *companion* or *equal*, as before. See page 51, note 50.

[8] The abstract for the concrete. "I accept you for my wife as willingly as ever a bondman accepted of freedom."

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

Ferd. A thousand thousand![9]

[*Exeuut* FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA.

Pros. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who am surprised withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *Another Part of the Island.*

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *with a bottle.*

Steph. Tell not me: when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em.[1] — Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brain'd like us, the State totters.

Steph. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set[2] in thy head. [CALIBAN *drinks.*

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Steph. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues off and on, by this

[9] Meaning a thousand thousand *farewells;* this word being taken literally, like the Latin *bene vale.*

[1] "To bear up, put the helm up, and keep a vessel off her course." So says Admiral Smith.

[2] *Set* here means, I suppose, fixed in a vacant stare. So in *Twelfth Night,* v. 1: "He's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his *eyes were set* at eight i' the morning."

light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.[3]

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.[4]

Steph. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

Steph. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou be'st a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy Honour? Let me lick thy shoe.
I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable.[5] Why, thou debosh'd[6] fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. *Lord*, quoth he. That a monster should be such a natural![7]

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Steph. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree. The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased
To hearken once again the suit I made thee?

Steph. Marry, will I: kneel, and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

[3] *Standard*, like *ensign*, is put for the *bearer* of a standard.

[4] Trinculo is punning upon *standard*, and probably means that Caliban is too drunk to *stand*.

[5] The jester is breaking jests upon himself; his meaning being, "One so deep in drink as I am is valiant enough to quarrel with an officer of the law."

[6] *Debosh'd* is an old form of *debauched*. Cotgrave explains, "Deboshed, lewd, incontinent, ungracious, dissolute, naught."

[7] *Natural* was used for *simpleton* or *fool*. There is also a quibble intended between *monster* and *natural*, a monster being *unnatural*.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. [*To* TRIN.] Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou:
I would my valiant master would destroy thee!
I do not lie.

Steph. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Steph. Mum, then, and no more. — [*To* CAL.] Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy Greatness will
Revenge it on him, — for I know thou darest,
But this thing dare not, —

Steph. That's most certain.

Cal. — Thou shalt be lord of it, and I will serve thee.

Steph. How now shall this be compass'd? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this![8] — Thou scurvy patch! —
I do beseech thy Greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes[9] are.

Steph. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the

[8] *Pied* is *dappled* or *diversely-coloured.* Trinculo is "an allowed Fool" or jester, and wears a motley dress. *Patch* refers to the same circumstance. See vol. ii. page 50, note 4.

[9] *Quick freshes* are living springs of fresh water.

monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish [10] of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go further off.

Steph. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Steph. Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie. Out o' your wits and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the Devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Steph. Now, forward with your tale. — Pr'ythee, stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Steph. Stand further. — Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: then thou mayst brain him,[11]
Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his weazand [12] with thy knife. Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot,[13] as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him

[10] A *stock-fish* appears to have been a thing for practising upon with the fist, or with a cudgel. Ben Jonson has it in *Every Man in his Humour*, iii. 2: "'Slight, peace! thou wilt be beaten like a *stock-fish*."

[11] That is, knock out his brains. So, in *1 Henry the Fourth*, ii. 3, Hotspur says, "Zounds! an I were now by this rascal, I could *brain* him with his lady's fan." See, also, vol. vi. page 238, note 40.

[12] *Weazand* is *windpipe* or *throat*. So Spencer has *weazand-pipe*.

[13] *Sot*, from the French, was frequently used for *fool;* as our word *besotted* sometimes is. The Poet has it repeatedly so.

As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave útensils,[14] — for so he calls them, —
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck't withal:
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I ne'er saw woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

Steph. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Steph. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen, — save our Graces! — and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. — Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Steph. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half-hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Steph. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?[15]

[14] Here *utensils* has the accent on the first and third syllables. Such, it seems, is the English pronunciation of the word. So Wordsworth has it; and so Milton, in *Paradise Regained*, iii. 336:

> Mules after these, camels, and dromedaries,
> And wagons, fraught with *utensils* of war.

[15] *While-ere* is *awhile since*. Milton has another form of it in the opening of *Paradise Regained:* "I who *erewhile* the happy garden sung," &c. — A *catch* is a song in parts, where all the singers sing the same notes, but in

Steph. At thy request, monster, I will do reason,[16] any reason. — Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

[Sings.] *Flout 'em and scout 'em, and scout 'em and flout 'em;*
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune. [ARIEL *plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Steph. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of Nobody.[17]

Steph. If thou be'st a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou be'st a devil, — take't as thou list.[18]

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Steph. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. — Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Steph. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.
Sometime a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

Steph. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

such order as to make harmony, and where each in turn *catches* the others; sometimes called a *round.* — To *troll* is to *roll* or *round out* glibly or volubly.

16 That is, will do what is *reasonable.*

17 *The picture of Nobody* was a common sign, and consisted of a head upon two legs, with arms. There was also a wood-cut prefixed to an old play of *Nobody and Somebody,* which presented this personage.

18 Here Stephano probably shakes his fist at the invisible musician, or the supposed devil, by way of defiance or bravado.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.

Steph. That shall be by-and-by: I remember the story.

Cal. The sound is going away; let's follow it,
And after do our work.

Steph. Lead, monster; we'll follow. — I would I could see this taborer![19] he lays it on. — Wilt come?

Trin. I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Another Part of the Island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gonza. By'r lakin,[1] I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders![2] by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To th' dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate[3] search on land. Well, let him go.

19 "You shall heare in the ayre the sound of *tabers and other instruments*, to put the travellers in feare, by evill spirites that makes these soundes, and also do call divers of the travellers by their names." *Travels of Marcus Paulus*, 1579. To some of these Milton also alludes in *Comus*:

> Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire;
> And aery tongues that syllable men's names
> On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.

1 *By'r lakin* is a contraction of *by our ladykin*, which, again, is a diminutive of *our Lady*. A softened form of swearing by the Blessed Virgin.

2 *Forth-rights* are straight lines; *meanders*, crooked ones.

3 *Frustrate* for *frustrated*, meaning *baffled;* in accordance with the usage remarked in note 42, page 21. Shakespeare has many preterite forms made

Anto. [*Aside to* SEBAS.] I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose
That you resolved t' effect.

Sebas. [*Aside to* ANTO.] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.[4]

Anto. [*Aside to* SEBAS.] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they're fresh.

Sebas. [*Aside to* ANTO.] I say, to-night: no more.
[*Solemn and strange music.*

Alon. What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

Gonza. Marvellous sweet music!

Enter PROSPERO *above, invisible. Enter, below, several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the* KING, *&c., to eat, they depart.*

Alon. Give us kind keepers, Heavens! — What were these?

Sebas. A living drollery.[5] Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne;[6] one phœnix

in the same way, such as *confiscate*, *consecrate*, *articulate*, and *suffocate*. The usage still holds in a few words, as in *situate*.

[4] *Through* and *thorough*, *throughly* and *thoroughly*, are but different forms of the same word, as to be *thorough* in a thing is to *go through* it. The old writers use the two forms indifferently. So in St. Matthew, iii. 12: "He will *throughly* purge his floor."

[5] Shows, called *Drolleries*, were in Shakespeare's time performed by puppets only. "A living drollery" is therefore a drollery performed not by puppets but by living personages; a *live puppet-show*.

[6] This imaginary bird is often referred to by the old poets; by Shakespeare repeatedly. The ancient belief is expressed by Lyly in his *Euphues*, thus: "For as there is but one Phœnix in the world, so there is but one tree

At this hour reigning there.
Anto. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.
Gonza. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders, —
For, certes,[7] these are people of the island, —
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
Pros. [*Aside.*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.
Alon. I cannot too much muse[8]
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing —
Although they want the use of tongue — a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
Pros. [*Aside.*] Praise in departing.[9]
Fran. They vanish'd strangely.
Sebas. No matter, since
They've left their viands behind; for we have stomachs. —
Will't please you taste of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gonza. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,

in Arabia, wherein she buildeth." Also in Holland's Pliny: "I myself have heard strange things of this kind of tree; namely, in regard of the bird Phœnix; for it was assured unto me, that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itself as the tree sprung again."

[7] *Certes* for *certainly;* used several times by Shakespeare.

[8] To *muse* is to *wonder;* to *wonder at*, in this instance.

[9] "Praise in departing" is said to have been a proverbial phrase, meaning, praise not your entertainment too soon; wait till the end.

Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh?[10] or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts?[11] which now we find,
Each putter-out of one for five[12] will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past. — Brother, my lord the Duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, *like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, by a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny —
That hath to[13] instrument this lower world
And what is in't — the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; yea, and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I've made you mad;
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown

[10] In the Alpine and other mountainous regions are many well-known cases of *goitre* that answer to this description. Probably, in the Poet's time, some such had been seen by travellers, but not understood.

[11] These were probably the same that Othello speaks of: "The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." Also in Holland's Pliny: "The Blemmyi, by report, have no heads, but mouth and eyes both in their breast."

[12] A sort of inverted life-insurance was practised by travellers in Shakespeare's time. Before going abroad they *put out* a sum of money, for which they were to receive two, three, four, or even five times the amount upon their return; the rate being according to the supposed danger of the expedition. Of course the sum put out fell to the depositary, in case the *putter-out* did not return. So in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, ii. 1: "I am determined to put forth some five thousand pound, to be paid me five for one, upon the return of myself and wife, and my dog, from the Turk's Court in Constantinople."

[13] *To*, again, with the force of *for* or *as*. See page 41, note 9.

Their proper selves. [ALON., SEBAS., *&c., draw their swords.*
You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters,[14] as diminish
One dowle[15] that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember, —
For that's my business to you, — that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,[16]
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me,
Lingering perdition — worse than any death
Can be at once — shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wrath to guard you from, —
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads, — is nothing but heart's-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.[17]

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mocks and mows, and carry out the table.

Pros. [*Aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou

[14] Waters that *continually* close over cuts made in them, and leave no trace thereof. See page 25, note 60.

[15] *Dowle* and *down* are said to have been equivalent. Here *dowle* seems rather to mean a single particle or thread of downe.

[16] *Requit* for *requited*, like others noted before. See page 21, note 42.

[17] "From whose wrath nothing can shield or deliver you but heart-felt repentance and an amended life, or doing works meet for repentance." *Whose* refers to *powers*, in the sixth line before.

Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,
And observation strange,[18] my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done.[19] My high charms work,
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, — who they suppose is drown'd, —
And his and my loved darling. [*Exit from above.*

Gonza. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Sebas. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Anto. I'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt* SEBAS. *and* ANTO.

Gonza. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a long time after,[20]

[18] The sense appears to be, "with all the truth of life itself, and with rare observance of the proprieties of action."

[19] To do one's *kind* is to act out one's *nature*, or act *according* to one's nature; though in this case the nature is an assumed one, that is, a *part*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, the rustic, speaking of the asp, says, "the worm will *do his kind*." Also in the phrase, "The cat will after *kind*."

[20] The natives of Africa have been supposed to possess the secret how to temper poisons with such art as not to operate till several years after they were administered.

Now gins to bite the spirits. — I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy[21]
May now provoke them to.
Adr. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *Before* PROSPERO'S *Cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

Pros. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation[1] makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,[2]
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.
Ferd. I do believe it
Against an oracle.
Pros. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: but,

[21] Shakespeare uses *ecstasy* for any alienation of mind, a fit, or madness.

[1] *Your compensation* is the compensation *you receive.* Shakespeare has many instances of like construction.

[2] "Thread of mine own life" probably means about the same as "my very *heart-strings*"; strings the breaking of which spills the life.

If thou dost break her virgin-knot[3] before
All sanctimonious[4] ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion[5] shall the Heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly[6]
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Ferd. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest even,
The most oppórtune place, the strong'st suggestion[7]
Our worser genius[8] can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pros. Fairly spoke.
Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own.—
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

[3] Alluding, no doubt, to the zone or sacred girdle which the old Romans used as the symbol and safeguard of maiden honour.

[4] *Sanctimonious*, here, is *sacred* or *religious*. The marriage *ritual* was supposed to have something of consecrating virtue in it.

[5] *Aspersion* in its primitive sense of *sprinkling*, as with genial rain or dew.—Here, again, as also just after, *shall* for *will*.

[6] Not with wholesome flowers, such as the bridal bed was wont to be decked with, but with *loathsome* weeds.

[7] *Suggestion*, again, for *temptation*. See page 52, note 54.

[8] *Genius*, *spirit*, and *angel* were used indifferently for what we should call a man's worser or better *self*. *The Edinburgh Review*, July, 1869, has the following: "In mediæval theology, the rational soul is an angel, the lowest in the hierarchy for being clothed for a time in the perishing vesture of the body. But it is not necessarily an angel of light. It may be a good or evil genius, a guardian angel or a fallen spirit, a demon of light or darkness." See, also, *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 1.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.
Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity[9] of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.
Ari. Presently?
Pros. Ay, with a twink.
Ari. Before you can say *Come* and *Go*,
And breathe twice, and cry *So, so*,
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.[10]
Do you love me, master? — no?
Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.
Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*
Pros. Look thou be true: do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To th' fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else good night your vow!
Ferd. I warrant you, sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.[11]

[9] Perhaps meaning some magical show or illusion. *Display?*

[10] *Mop* and *mow* were very often used thus together. To *mow* is to *make mouths*, to *grimace*. Wedgwood, in his *English Etymology*, says that *mop* has exactly the same derivation as *mock*, and means to *gibber*. Thus the ape both *mops* and *mows*; that is, he *gibbers* or *chatters*, and *makes faces*.

[11] The *liver* was supposed to be the special seat of certain passions, and so was often put for the passions themselves.

Pros. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,[12]
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [*Soft music.*

Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover,[13] them to keep;
Thy banks with peonèd and twillèd brims,[14]
Which spongy April[15] at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy brown groves,
Whose shadow the dismissèd bachelor loves,

[12] *Corollary* here means a surplus number; more than enough.—*Pertly*, in the next line, is *nimbly, alertly.*

[13] *Stover* is fodder and provision of all sorts for cattle. Steevens says that in some counties it "signifies hay made of coarse rank grass, such as even cows will not eat while it is green."

[14] A writer in *The Edinburgh Review* for October, 1872, argues, and, I think, proves, that *peonèd* here refers to the *marsh-marigold*, which grew abundantly on the flat marshy banks of such still-running streams as the Warwickshire Avon, and which was provincially called *peony* or *piony*. He thus compares it with the garden peony: "The flowers, though differing in colour, have a remarkable similarity in general growth and shape, especially in the early stage, when the fully-formed bud is ripe for blowing."—In explanation of *twillèd* the same writer has the following: "*Twills* is given by Halliwell as an old provincial word for *reeds;* and it was applied, like *quills*, to the serried rustling sedges of river reaches and marshy levels. It was indeed while watching the masses of waving sedge cutting the water-line of the Avon, not far from Stratford church, that we first felt the peculiar force and significance of the epithet."

[15] April has the epithet *spongy*, probably because at that season the earth or the air *sponges* up so much water. So, in *Cymbeline*, iv. 2, we have "the *spongy* south," referring to the south or south-west *wind*, which, in England, is apt to be densely charged with moisture; that is, *foggy;* elsewhere called "the foggy south."

Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;[16]
And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air; — the Queen o' the Sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign Grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport. Her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres[17] and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud Earth; — why hath thy Queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly Bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the Queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,[18]

16 *Lass-lorn* is *forsaken by his lass*, the sweet-heart that has *dismissed* him. — *Pole-clipt* probably means poles embraced or clasped by the vines. *Clip* was often used for *embrace*. So in *Coriolanus*, i. 6: "Let me *clip* ye in arms as sound as when I woo'd." — *Vineyard* is here a trisyllable.

17 "*Bosky* acres" are *woody* acres, fields intersected by luxuriant hedge-rows and copses. So in Milton's *Comus:*

> I know each lane, and every alley green,
> Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
> And every *bosky* bourn from side to side.

18 The means whereby Pluto caught and carried off Proserpina. Proserpina was the daughter of Jupiter and Ceres: Dis, King of *dusky* Hades, fell

Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos,[19] and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;[20]
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. High'st Queen of state,[21]
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.[22]

Enter JUNO.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

Juno. *Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,*
Long continuance, and increasing,

so deep in love with her, that he must needs seize her, *vi et armis*, and spirit her away to Hades, to be his Queen.

19 A city in Cyprus, where Venus had a favourite country-seat.

20 Has gone back to Paphos. *Minion* is *darling* or *favourite*, and refers to *Venus*.—In what follows the meaning is, that Cupid is so chagrined and mortified at being thus baffled, that he is determined to give up his business, and act the love-god no more, but be a mere boy, or a boy *outright*.

21 "High'st Queen of state" is the same as Queen of highest state, or Queen above all other queens. *State* for *throne*, or *chair* of state. So the word was often used.—The Poet has many similar inversions.

22 Juno was distinguished by her *walk*, as the gods and goddesses generally were. So in *Pericles*, v. 1: "In *pace* another Juno."

Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. *Earth's increase, and foison plenty,*[23]
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines with clustering bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest![24]
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Ferd. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly.[25] May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Ferd. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father[26] and a wife

[23] "*Foison plenty*" is, strictly speaking, redundant or tautological, as both words mean the same. But *plenty* is used as an adjective,—*plentiful* or *overflowing*. See page 45, note 24.

[24] "May your new Spring come, at the latest, as soon as the harvest of the old one is over!" This explanation is sustained, as Staunton points out, by Amos, ix. 13: "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the ploughman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth the seed." Also, in *The Faerie Queen*, iii. 6, 42:

> There is continuall Spring, and harvest there
> Continuall, both meeting in one time.

[25] That is, charmingly harmonious. See note 21, above.—"*So* bold *as* to think." See page 19, note 28.

[26] "So rare-wonder'd a father" is the prose order of the words. The Poet has several such inversions for metre's sake. So in *King John*, iv. 1: "For putting on so new a fashion'd robe." So new-fashion'd a robe. The meaning in the text is, so *rarely-wonderful* a father; and the force of "so rare a *wonder'd*" extends over *wife*. Shakespeare has many instances of the

Make this place Paradise.

[Juno *and* Ceres *whisper, and send* Iris *on employment.*

Pros. Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.[27]

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the winding brooks,
With your sedge crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels,[28] and on this green land
Answer our summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late. —

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, *properly habited: they join with the* Nymphs *in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof* Prospero *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pros. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy

ending *-ed* used in the same way; as in *Macbeth*, iii. 4: "You have broke the good meeting with most *admired* disorder." *Admired* for *admirable*, and in the sense of *wonderful.*

27 It was supposed that any noise or disturbance would upset or disconcert "the might of magic spells."

28 *Crisp* is *curled*, from the curl made by a breeze on the surface of the water. The transference of an epithet to an associated object, as of *crisp* from the water to the channel in this instance, is one of Shakespeare's favourite traits of style. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5, when the lovers see tokens of the dawn that is to *sever* them, Romeo says, "what envious streaks do lace the *severing clouds* in yonder east."

Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come. — [*To the* Spirits.] Well done; avoid;[29]
no more!

Ferd. This is most strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pros. You do, my son, look in a movèd sort,[30]
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now arè énded. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit,[31] shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,[32]
Leave not a rack[33] behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.[34] Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:

[29] *Vacate* or *make void* the place; that is to say, *be gone.*

[30] Here, as often, *sort* is *manner* or *way.* So in *Coriolanus*, i. 3: "I pray you, daughter, express yourself in a more comfortable *sort.*"

[31] All who *possess* it. So in the divine beatitude, "Blessed are the meek; for they shall *inherit* the earth." See page 60, note 26.

[32] *Faded*, from the Latin *vado*, is the same as *vanished.*

[33] *Rack* was used of the highest, and therefore lightest or thinnest clouds. So in Bacon's *Silva Silvarum:* "The winds in the upper region (which move the *clouds* above, which we call the *rack*, and are not perceived below) pass without noise." — The word *rack* is from *reek*, that is, *vapour* or *smoke.* See Critical Notes.

[34] *On* for *of.* Still used so, especially in colloquial speech. — *Rounded* is *finished*, *rounded off.* The sleep here meant is the sleep of death; as in Hamlet's soliloquy: "To die, to sleep; no more."

Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Ferd.
Mira. } We wish you peace.

Pros. [*To* ARIEL.] Come with a thought! — I thank ye.[35] [*Exeunt* FERD. *and* MIRA.] — Ariel, come!

Re-enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: what's thy pleasure?

Pros. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with[36] Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought t' have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

Pros. Well, say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced[37] their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through

[35] "I thank ye" is addressed to Ferdinand and Miranda, in return for their "We wish you peace."

[36] *To meet with* was anciently the same as to *counteract* or *oppose*. So in Herbert's *Country Parson*: "He knows the temper and pulse of every one in his house, and accor ingly either *meets with* their vices, or advanceth their virtues."

[37] *Advanced* is *raised*, as already explained. See page 34, note 91. — In the next line, "As they smelt," as *if* they smelt.

Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool[38] beyond your cell,
There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.[39]

Pros. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale[40] to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick;[41] on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all are lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers.[42] I will plague them all,
Even to roaring. —

Re-enter ARIEL *loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*

Come, hang them on this line.[43]

38 The pool mantled with filth. *Mantle* for the scum that forms on the surface of stagnant water. So in *The Merchant*, i. 1: "There are a sort of men whose visages do cream and *mantle* like a standing pond."

39 *That* for *so that* or *insomuch that.* — The meaning of this unsavoury passage is, that "the foul lake" was so stirred up by their dancing as to give out a worse odour than the men's feet did before they got into it.

40 *Stale*, in the art of fowling, signified a *bait* or *lure* to decoy birds.

41 *Nurture* for *education*, *training*, or *culture*.

42 As before observed, page 35, note 93, *canker* was used of an eating, malignant sore, like *cancer*, which is but another form of the same word; and also of *rust*. I am not quite certain which of these senses it bears here; probably the first. Shakespeare has the word repeatedly in both senses; as in *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1, where the first *canker'd* means *rusted*, while the second has the sense of *cancer*:

> To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
> *Canker'd* with peace, to part your *canker'd* hate.

43 Some question has been made as to what *line* means here. The word is commonly taken as meaning a *clothes-line;* but I rather agree with the late Rev. Joseph Hunter, and with Mr. A. E. Brae, that it means a *line-tree*,

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain, invisible. Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Steph. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack with us.[44]

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Steph. So is mine.—Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Nay, good my lord,[45] give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance:[46] therefore speak softly;
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Steph. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me then my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

which may well be supposed to be growing in the lawn before Prospero's cell,—the same that Stephano addresses a little after as "Mistress Line." For Prospero is still in the same place where he has just been making a display of his art; and I can hardly think he has a clothes-line stretched across it. It has indeed been objected that *line*, meaning the line-tree, would not be used thus, without the adjunct *tree* or *grove;* but Mr. Brae disposes of this objection fairly, by quoting the following from Holinshed: "We are not without the plane, the ugh, the sorfe, the chestnut, the *line*, the black cherrie, and such like."

44 To play the *Jack* is to play the *Knave;* or it may be to play the *Jack-o'-lantern*, by leading them astray.

45 We should say "my good lord." Similar inverted phrases occur continually in old plays; such as "dread my lord," "gracious my lord," "dear my mother," "sweet my sister," "gentle my brother," &c.

46 To *hoodwink* a thing is, apparently, to make one *overlook* it or *forget* it, to *blind* him to it, or put it out of his sight. So *hoodman-blind* is an old term for what we call blind-man's buff.

Steph. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my King, be quiet. See'st thou here?
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Steph. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer![47] O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery.[48] — O King Stephano!

Steph. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy Grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! — what do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's along,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

Steph. Be you quiet, monster. — Mistress Line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.[49]

[47] A humorous allusion to the old ballad entitled "Take thy old Cloak about thee," a part of which is sung by Iago in *Othello*, ii. 3. I add one stanza of it:

> *King Stephen* was a worthy *peer*,
> His breeches cost him but a crown;
> He held them sixpence all too dear,
> Therefore he call'd the tailor lown.

[48] *Frippery* was the name of a shop where old clothes were sold.

[49] King Stephano puns rather swiftly here. The name of the tree, as explained in note 43, suggests to him the *equinoctial line*, under which certain regions were much noted for their aptness to generate diseases that

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level,[50] an't like your Grace.

Steph. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. *Steal by line and level* is an excellent pass of pate;[51] there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime[52] upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles,[53] or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.[54]

commonly made the sufferers *bald.* *Jerkin* was the name of a man's upper garment. Mr. Brae thinks there may be another quibble intended between *hair* and *air*, as clothes are hung out to be *aired*, and the jerkin was likely to lose the benefit of such *airing;* but I should rather take *hair* as referring to the *nap* of the jerkin, which was likely to be worn off in Stephano's using; so as to make the jerkin a *bald* jerkin in the nearer sense of having lost its *hair*.

50 *Do, do,* is said, apparently, in commendation of Stephano's wit as displayed in his address to the jerkin.—"Steal by *line* and level" is a further punning on the same word; the plumb-line and the level being instruments used by architects and builders. So that to steal by line and level was to *show wit* in stealing, or to steal *artistically.*

51 *Pass of pate* is a *spurt* or *sally of wit; pass* being, in the language of fencing, a *thrust.*

52 *Lime,* or *bird-lime,* was a sticky substance used for catching birds. So in *2 Henry the Sixth,* i. 3: "Myself have *limed* a bush for her, and placed a quire of such enticing birds, that she will light to listen to their lays." See vol. iv. page 200, note 10.

53 Caliban's barnacle is the *clakis* or *tree-goose,* as it was called, which was thought to be produced from the shell-fish, *lepas antifera,* also called barnacle. Gerard's *Herbal* has the following account of the matter: "There are in the north parts of Scotland certain trees whereon do grow shell-fishes, which, falling into the water, do become fowls, whom we call *barnakles,* in the north of England *brant-geese,* and in Lancashire *tree-geese.*" Perhaps the old notion of the barnacle-goose being produced by the barnacle-fish grew from the identity of name. As Caliban prides himself on his intellectuality, he naturally has a horror of being turned into any thing so stupid as a goose.

54 A low forehead was held a deformity. On the other hand, a forehead

Steph. Monster, lay-to your fingers : help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom : go to,[55] carry this.

Trin. And this.

Steph. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits *in shape of hounds, and hunt them about;* PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!—

[CAL., STEPH., *and* TRIN. *are driven out.*

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions;[56] shorten up their sinews
With agèd cramps;[57] and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard[58] or cat-o-mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar!

high and broad was deemed a handsome feature in man or woman. The Poet has several allusions to this old idea. So in *The Two Gentlemen*, iv. 2: "Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high." And in Spenser's description of Belphœbe, *Faerie Queene*, ii. 3, 24:

Her ivorie forehead, full of bountie brave,
Like a broad table did itselfe dispred.

[55] *Go to* is a phrase occurring very often, and of varying import, sometimes of impatience, sometimes of reproof, sometimes of encouragement. *Hush up*, *come on*, *be off* are among its meanings.

[56] In certain fevers, the mucilage sometimes gets dried out of the joints, especially the knee-joints, so as to cause a creaking or grating sound when the patient walks. Of course the effect is very painful.

[57] *Agèd* seems to be used here with the sense of the intensive *old*, as before explained. See page 32, note 84.

[58] *Pard* was in common use for *leopard*, as also for *panther*.— *Cat-o'-mountain* is probably the *wild-cat*. So in Minsheu's *Spanish Dictionary*: "Gato montes: A cat of mountaine, a wilde cat." This animal, however, can hardly be called *spotted;* it is rather striped. Perhaps the term was not confined to one species of animal.

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Scene I. — *Before the Cell of* Prospero.

Enter Prospero *in his magic robes, and* Ariel.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and Time
Goes upright with his carriage.[1] How's the day?
Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.
Pros. I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the King and's followers?
Ari. Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all are prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;[2]
They cannot budge till your release.[3] The King,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,

[1] Time does not break down or bend under its load, or what it carries; that is, "we have time enough for what we have undertaken to do."

[2] "Which *defends* your cell against the weather, or the storm."

[3] "Till you release them," of course. The objective genitive, as it is called, where present usage admits only of the subjective genitive. The Poet has many such constructions. See page 77, note 1.

Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
He that you term'd *The good old lord, Gonzalo:*
His tears run down his beard, like winter-drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em,
That, if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they,[4] be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;[5]
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets[6] make,

[4] *All* is here used adverbially, in the sense of *quite;* and *passion* is the object of *relish*, and has the sense of *suffering*. The sense of the passage is sometimes defeated by setting a comma after *sharply*.

[5] This speech is in some measure borrowed from Medea's, in Ovid; the expressions are, many of them, in the old translation by Golding. But the exquisite fairy imagery is Shakespeare's own.

[6] These *ringlets* were circles of bright-green grass, supposed to be produced by the footsteps of fairies dancing in a ring. The origin of them is

Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew;[7] by whose aid —
Weak masters though ye be[8] — I have bedimm'd
The noontide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azure vault
Set roaring war: to the dread-rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs[9] pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, — which even now I do, —
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. — [*Solemn music.*

Re-enter ARIEL: *after him,* ALONSO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *they all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there stand charmed; which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, as the best comforter

still, I believe, a mystery. Alluded to in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, ii. 1. — *Mushrooms* were also thought to be the work of fairies; probably from their growing in rings, and springing up with such magical quickness.

7 They rejoice, because "the curfew tolls the knell of parting day," and so signals the time for the fairies to begin their nocturnal frolics.

8 *Weak*, if left to themselves, because they waste their force in sports and in frivolous or discordant aims; but powerful when guided by wisdom, and trained to worthy ends.

9 The *spurs* are the largest and the longest roots of trees.

To an unsettled fancy, cure the brains,
Now useless, boil'd[10] within the skull! — There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd. —
Holy[11] Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to[12] the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. — The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses[13]
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. — O thou good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home[14] both in word and deed. — Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act; —
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. — Flesh and blood,

[10] *Boil'd* for *boiling;* the passive form with the *neuter* sense: for the verb to *boil* is used as active, passive, or neuter, indifferently. We have *boil'd* just so again in *The Winter's Tale*, iii. 3: "Would any but these *boil'd* brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather?" — Love, madness, and melancholy are imaged by Shakespeare under the figure of *boiled* brains, or *boiling* brains, or *seething* brains. So in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, v. 1: "Lovers and madmen have such *seething* brains," &c. Also in *Twelfth Night*, ii. 5: "If I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be *boiled* to death with melancholy." Probably the expression grew from the heat or fever that was understood or supposed to agitate the brain in such cases.

[11] In Shakespeare's time, *holy*, besides the religious sense of *godly* or *sanctified*, was also used in the moral sense of *righteous* or *just*.

[12] *Sociable to* is the same as *sympathetic with.* — *Fall*, in the next line, is evidently a transitive verb, equivalent to *let fall.* The usage was common. So in ii. 1, of this play: "To fall it on Gonzalo."

[13] *Senses* was very often used thus of the mental faculties; as we still say of one who does not see things as they are, that he is *out of his senses.* The meaning of the passage may be given something thus: "As morning dispels the darkness, so their returning reason begins to dispel the blinding mists or fumes that are gathered about it."

[14] *Home* was much used as a strong intensive; meaning *thoroughly*, or *to the utmost.* See vol. vi. page 217, note 9.

You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature;[15] who, with Sebastian,—
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—
Would here have kill'd your King; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art.—Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,[16]
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me.—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:— [*Exit* ARIEL.
I will discase me,[17] and myself present
As I was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire* PROSPERO.

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie,—
There I couch: when owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly
After Summer, merrily.[18]
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom:—so, so, so.

15 Here, as commonly in Shakespeare, *remorse* is *pity* or *tenderness of heart. Nature* is put for *natural affection.* Often so.

16 "The *reasonable* shore" is the shore *of reason.*

17 "Will put off my disguise." The Poet repeatedly uses *case* for clothes; also for *skin.*—*Sometime*, in the next line, is *formerly.* Often so.

18 Ariel uses "the bat's back" as his vehicle, to pursue Summer in its progress to other regions, and thus live under continual blossoms. Such appears the most natural as well as most poetical meaning of this much-disputed passage. In fact, however, bats do not migrate in quest of Summer, but become torpid in Winter. Was the Poet ignorant of this, or did he disregard it, thinking that such beings as Ariel were not bound to observe the rules of natural history? See Critical Notes.

To the King's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awaked, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I pr'ythee.
Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*
Gonza. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement,
Inhabit here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!
Pros. Behold, sir King,
The wrongèd Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.
Alon. Whêr [19] thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle [20] to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave —
An if this be at all [21] — a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign,[22] and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.[23] But how should Prospero

[19] The Poet often so contracts *whether*.

[20] *Enchanted trifle* probably means *bewitching phantom*. *Enchanted* for *enchanting*, in accordance with the usage, before noted, of active and passive forms indiscriminately. See page 25, note 57. Walker, however, thinks the meaning to be "some trifle *produced by enchantment* to abuse me." — *Abuse* was often used in the sense of *deceive*, *delude*, or *cheat*.

[21] That is, if there be any reality in all this. *An if*, again, as before explained. See page 58, note 20.

[22] The dukedom of Milan had been made tributary to Naples by Antonio, as the price of aid in his usurpation.

[23] Still another instance of the construction mentioned in note 3 of this

Be living and be here?

Pros. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.

Gonza. Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtilties[24] o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. — Welcome, my friends all: —
[*Aside to* SEBAS. *and* ANTO.] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors:[25] at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Sebas. [*Aside to* ANTO.] The Devil speaks in him.

Pros. Now,
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce,[26] I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost —
How sharp the point of this remembrance is! —

scene. "*My* wrongs" may mean either the wrongs I have *done*, or the wrongs I have *suffered*. Here it means the former.

[24] *Subtilties* are quaint deceptive inventions; the word is common to ancient cookery, in which a disguised or ornamented dish is so termed. Fabyan's *Chronicle*, 1542, describes one made of pastry, "called a pelican sitting on his nest with his birds, and an image of Saint Catharine holding a book, and disputing with the doctors."

[25] "*Prove* you traitors," or, "justify myself for calling you such."

[26] *Perforce* is *of force*, that is, necessarily or of necessity.

My dear son Ferdinand.
Pros. I'm woe[27] for't, sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says it is past her cure.
Pros. I rather think
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.
Alon. You the like loss!
Pros. As great to me, as late;[28] and, portable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.
Alon. A daughter!
O Heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The King and Queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,[29]
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, these words
Are natural breath:[30] but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,

[27] *Woe* was often used thus with an adjective sense; *sorry*.

[28] "As great to me, *and* as *recent*." Or the meaning may be, "As great to me as *it is* recent." Either explanation suits, but I prefer the first.— *Portable* is *endurable*. The Poet has it repeatedly.

[29] Shakespeare commonly uses *admire* and its derivatives in the Latin sense; that of *wonder* or *amazement*. The meaning here is, that their reason is swallowed up in wonder.

[30] "That the words I am speaking are those of a real living man."

To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;[31]
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you've given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Ferd. No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.
Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,[32]
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.[33]

31 No more of this *now*, or *for the present*. So *yet* was often used.

32 The sense evidently wanted here is, "you *might play me false*"; but how to get this out of *wrangle*, is not very apparent. Was *wrangle* used as a technical term in chess and other games? In *King Henry V.*, i. 2, we have this: "He hath made a match with such a *wrangler*, that all the Courts of France will be disturb'd with chases." This is said with reference to the game of tennis; and *wrangler* here seems to mean *opponent* or *antagonist*. *Wrangle*, however, is from the same original as *wrong*, and its radical sense is the same. Mr. Joseph Crosby thinks the word is used here in this its radical sense. He writes me as follows: "In the North of England, *wrangdom* is a common word for *wrong*, and *wrangously* for *wrongfully*. *Wrangle* in this sentence is an explanatory parallelism of Miranda's 'play me false,' and means *wrong me*, — cheat me in the game."

33 "Shall *twice* lose" appears to mean "shall lose a *second time*." He has in effect lost his son once in supposing him drowned; and will lose him again in the dispelling of the vision, if vision it should prove.

Sebas. A most high miracle!

Ferd. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful!
I've cursed them without cause. [*Kneels to* ALONSO.

Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou camest here.

Mira. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Pros. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Ferd. Sir, she's mortal;
But by immortal Providence she's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers:
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pros. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.

Gonza. I've inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. — Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessèd crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way

Which brought us hither.
Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!
Gonza. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become Kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy! and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero, his dukedom
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.[34]
Alon. [*To* FERD *and* MIRA.] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!
Gonza. Be't so! Amen!—

Re-enter ARIEL, *with the* Master *and* Boatswain *amazedly following.*

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown.—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our King and company; the next, our ship—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.
Ari. [*Aside to* PROS.] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.
Pros. [*Aside to* ARIEL.] My tricksy[35] spirit!

[34] When no man was *in his senses*, or had self-possession.

[35] Ariel seems to be called *tricksy*, because his execution has the celerity of magic, or of a juggler's tricks: "clever, adroit, dexterous," says Dyce.

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. — Say, how came you hither?
Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And — how we know not — all clapp'd under hatches;
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty:
When we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her:[36] on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping[37] hither.
Ari. [*Aside to* PROS.] Was't well done?
Pros. [*Aside to* ARI.] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.
Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than Nature
Was ever conduct of:[38] some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.
Pros. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on[39]
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve[40] you —

[36] "Capering *to eye* her" is leaping or dancing with joy *at seeing* her. Still another instance of the infinitive used gerundively.

[37] To *mope* is to be *dull* or *stupid;* originally, *dim-sighted.*

[38] *Conduct* for *conductor;* that is, *guide* or *leader.* Often so.

[39] We have a like expression in use now, — "Still hammering at it."

[40] In Shakespeare, to *resolve* often means to *satisfy*, or to *explain satisfactorily.* — *Single* appears to be used adverbially here, its force going with the predicate; and the last *which* refers to *resolve:* "I will explain to you — and the explanation shall seem to you natural and likely — all these incidents, *severally*, or *in detail*, as they have happened." — CROSBY.

Which to you shall seem probable — of every
These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. — [*Aside to* ARI.] Come hither,
spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [*Exit* ARIEL.] — How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

Steph. Every man shift for all the rest,[41] and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune. — Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, there be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Sebas. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my Lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

Anto. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. This mis-shaped knave, —
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the Moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.[42]

[41] Stephano's tongue is rather tipsy still, and staggers into a misplacement of his words. He means "Let every man shift for himself."

[42] *Without* has here the sense of *beyond;* a common usage in the Poet's time. So in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, iv. 1: "Where we might be *without* the peril of th' Athenian law." And in Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, i. 4:

These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil —
For he's a bastard one — had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Sebas. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded[43] 'em? —
How camest thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.[44]

Sebas. Why, how now, Stephano!

Steph. O, touch me not! I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pros. You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

Steph. I should have been a sore one,[45] then.

"O, now I apprehend you: your phrase was *without* me before." So that the meaning of the text is, "who could outdo the Moon in exercising the Moon's own command."

[43] The phrase *being gilded* was a trite one for *being drunk;* perhaps because drinking puts one into *golden altitudes.* It has been suggested, also, that there is an allusion to the *grand elixir* of the alchemists, which was an ideal medicine for *gilding* a base metal in the sense of *transmuting it into gold;* as also for repairing health in man. This, too, is probable; for the Poet is fond of clustering various ideas round a single image.

[44] Trinculo is playing rather deeply upon *pickle;* and one of the senses here intended is that of being pickled in salt or brine so as not to become tainted. *Fly-blows* are the maggot-eggs deposited by flies; and to *fly-blow* is to taint with such eggs.

[45] A pun upon the different senses of *sore,* one of which is *harsh, severe,* or *oppressive.* The same equivoque occurs in *2 Henry the Sixth,* iv. 7, where Dick proposes that Cade's mouth be the source of English law, and John remarks, aside, — "Mass, 'twill be a *sore* law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet."

Alon. [*Pointing to* CALIBAN.] This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape. — Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

Pros. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Sebas. Or stole it, rather. [*Exeunt* CAL., STE., *and* TRIN.

Pros. Sir, I invite your Highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away, — the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belovèd solemnized;
And thence retire me [46] to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pros. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch

[46] That is, *withdraw myself.* The Poet has various instances of *retire* thus used as a transitive verb.

Your royal fleet far off. — [*Aside to* ARIEL.] My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! — Please you, draw near.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own, —
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.[47]
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

[47] The Epilogue is supposed to be addressed to the theatrical audience, and the speaker here solicits their applause by the clapping of their hands. Noise was a breaker of enchantments and spells; hence the applause would release him from his bonds.

CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 10. *Blow, till thou burst* thy *wind*, &c.—Steevens conjectured "Blow, till thou burst *thee*, wind." This accords with a similar passage in *King Lear*, iii. 2: "Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks!" See, however, foot-note 3.

P. 10. *If you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the* present, *we will not hand a rope more; use your authority.*—Hereupon Mr. Joseph Crosby writes me as follows: "I have never been satisfied with this passage: ever since I can remember, when I read these lines, there always seemed to me to be something wrong. You know I tried to correct it by transposing some of the words; but that did not much help the matter. I am now convinced that the word that is wrong is *present*, which is a misprint (phonetic) for *tempest*, a typographical error from mishearing. 'Work the peace of the *present*' is a very strange expression; while 'work the peace of the *tempest*' fits and dove-tails in exactly with the context." This strikes me as a highly sagacious and probable conjecture; and, if any change be needed, is, I should say, undoubtedly the right one. I am strongly tempted to adopt it, but rather think, on the whole, it had better stand over for further trial.

P. 11. *Bring her to try wi' th' main-course.*—In the original, "bring her to Try with Maine-course"; which leaves us in doubt as to how the clause should be punctuated. Mr. Grant White, at the suggestion of Mr. W. W. Story, prints "Bring her to: try wi' th' main-course"; and quotes the following from Lord Mulgrave, a sailor critic: "The gale increasing, the topmast is struck, to take the weight from aloft, make the ship drive less to leeward, and bear the mainsail, under which the ship is *brought to*." The likelihoods seem about evenly

balanced between the two ways of printing the passage. Of the more recent editors, Collier, Staunton, Singer, and Dyce punctuate as in the text. See foot-note 9.

P. 12. *And as leaky as an* unstanch *wench.* — The original has *unstanched.* But *unstanched,* as used in the Poet's time, has a sense quite unsuited to the context.

P. 13. Ling, *heath,* broom, *furze, any thing.* — The original has "*Long* heath, *Browne* firrs." But it does not appear that there are or ever were any plants known as *long heath* and *brown furze.* The reading in the text is Hanmer's, and has the unqualified approval of Walker; who observes, "The balance requires it. Besides, what are *long heath* and *brown furze?*" See foot-note 18.

Act I., Scene 2.

P. 14. *A brave vessel,*
Who had no doubt some noble creatures *in her.* — So Theobald and Collier's second folio: the original has *creature* instead of *creatures.*

P. 15. *I have with such* prevision *in mine art.* — The old text has *provision.* The change is from Collier's second folio, and accords with what Ariel says in ii. 1: "My master through his art *foresees* the danger that you, his friend, are in."

P. 16. *And thy father*
Was Duke of Milan; thou *his only heir,*
A *princess, — no worse issued.* — The old text reads "*and* his onely heire"; the *and* being evidently repeated by mistake from the preceding line. Steevens made the correction. The original also has "*And* Princesse; no worse Issued." Corrected by Pope. The old copies have various instances of *and* thus misprinted for *a.* So in *King Henry VIII.*, ii. 4: "On the debating *And* Marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleance and Our daughter Mary."

P. 18. *The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,*
And suck'd the *verdure out on't.* — The original reads "Suck'd *my* verdure"; the *my* being probably repeated by mistake from the preceding line.

P. 19. *Like one*
Who having unto *truth, by* falsing *of it,*
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie. — The old copies read "having *into* truth, by *telling* of it." This reading, with *unto* substituted for *into*, is commonly explained by making *it* refer to *lie* in the second line after. But is this, or was it ever, a legitimate English construction? Collier's second folio substitutes *to untruth* for *into truth*; rather plausibly, at first sight. But the meaning in that case would be, "having made his memory a *sinner* to *untruth* by lying"; whereas the sense required clearly is, "having made his memory a sinner unto *truth* by lying." This sense is aptly expressed by *falsing*, as, I think, every one will see. Nor does it seem to me at all unlikely that *tell* should have been misprinted for *fals*; especially as the verb to *false* was passing out of use before 1623. The quotations given in foot-note 27 appear to yield the present reading ample support; but, as several eminent Shakespearians with whom I have corresponded object to it, I here add a few others. So in *The Faerie Queene*, I. 9, 46:

> Is not enough, that to this Lady mild
> Thou *falsèd* hast thy faith with perjuree?

Also, in the same, ii. 5, 9:

> Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strook him strayt,
> And *falsèd* oft his blowes t' illude him with such bayt.

Also, in the Epilogue to *The Shepheard's Calendar*:

> To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his sheepe,
> And from the *falsers* fraud his folded flocke to keepe.

Also, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*:

> Such one was I, my beauty was mine own;
>   No borrow'd blush, which bankrupt beauties seek,
> That new-found shame, a sin to us unknown, —
>   Th' adulterate beauty of a *falsèd* cheek.

As to the other change, *unto* for *into*, it appears that these two forms were often used indiscriminately; at all events, the old editions often have *into* where our present idiom absolutely requires *unto*. So in *Cymbeline*, i. 6: "Such a holy witch, that he enchants societies *into* him." And, as an instance of the converse, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, i. 1, the quartos read, "That he hath turn'd a heaven *unto* a hell"; while the folio has "a heaven *into* a hell."

But the Rev. Mr. Arrowsmith has lately proposed an ingenious application of the old text, which seems to call for some notice. He thinks the right construction to be, "by telling of it into truth." And he quotes several instances of like expression; as the following from South's Sermons: "Till he has *thought a distasteful apprehension into an action of murder.*" And again: "Yet *vice cannot be praised into virtue.*" This form of speech is not indeed uncommon, and it has long been familiar to me; but I cannot think the cases parallel. In that construction of the passage the pronoun *it* must refer to some antecedent, and cannot be used absolutely, as it well may be in the reading here given; yet there is nothing for it to refer to, at least nothing but *lie*, in the second line after, which is, I think, inadmissible, for the reason already stated. Moreover, the sense of *telling a lie into truth* seems to me quite unsuited to the place. In short, this explanation is so strained and far-fetched, that it only operates with me as a further argument against the old text.

P. 19. *To have no screen between this part he play'd*
And them *he play'd it for, he needs will be*
Absolute Milan. — The original reads "And *him* he play'd it for." The correction is Mr. P. A. Daniel's, and seems to me eminently judicious. I never could make any sense out of the old text. See foot-note 31.

P. 20. Mira. *I should sin*
To think but nobly of my grandmother.
Pros. *Good wombs have borne bad sons.* — In the old text, the last line is made a part of Miranda's speech. Theobald thought it should be as here given, and so Hanmer printed it.

P. 20. *One midnight*
Fated to th' practice *did Antonio open*
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self. — The original has "Fated to th' *purpose.*" The change is from Collier's second folio, and is admitted on the ground that *purpose* may have got repeated by mistake from the second line after. Staunton thinks it "an improvement," and Dyce adopts it. Still I do not feel quite sure about it.

P. 20. *I, not remembering how I cried* on't *then,*

Will cry it o'er again. — The original has "how I cried *out* then"; which gives nothing for *it,* in the next line, to refer to. Lettsom would read "how I cried *it* then."

P. 21. *Dear, they durst not —*

So dear the love my people bore me — set

A mark so bloody on the business. — The original has "*nor* set A marke." The *nor* both spoils the metre, and, to say the least, hurts the sense. The omission was proposed by Mr. William Aldis Wright.

P. 21. *Where they prepared*

A rotten carcass of a boat, *not rigg'd,*

Nor tackle, sail, nor mast ; the very rats

Instinctively had *quit it.* — The original has *butt* instead of *boat,* and, in the last line, *have* instead of *had.*

P. 22. *Thou didst smile,*

Infusèd with a fortitude from Heaven,

When I have degg'd *the sea with drops full salt.* — The original reads "When I have *deck'd* the sea." The word *deck'd* has given the editors a deal of trouble; and no wonder, for neither of its admitted senses at all suits the context. Dyce, I think, was the first to suggest that it might be "a corruption of the provincialism *degg'd,* that is, *sprinkled.*" See foot-note 43.

P. 22. *Some food we had, and some fresh water, that*

A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,

Out of his charity, — being then appointed

Master of this design, — did give us. — The original has "*who* being then appointed." The pronoun *who* upsets both grammar and metre, and also obscures the sense. Pope omits it.

P. 24. *Jove's* lightnings, *the precursors*

O' the dreadful thunder claps, more momentary

And sight-outrunning were not : the fire, and cracks

Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune

Seem'd *to besiege,* &c. — The original has *lightning* for *lightnings,* and "*Seeme* to besiege."

P. 25. *On their* unstaining *garments not a blemish,*

But fresher than before.—The old text has "on their *sustaining* garments"; which cannot well be explained to any fitting sense. Probably the Poet's language was sophisticated by the transcriber or the printer, not understanding the old indiscriminate use of active and passive forms. Since the change was made, I learn that Mr. Spedding had conjectured the same reading. See foot-note 57.

P. 26. Pros. *What is the time o' the day?*

Ariel. *Past the mid season,*

At least two glasses.

Pros. *The time 'twixt six and now*

Must by us both be spent most preciously.—The old copies print "At least two glasses" as a part of Prospero's next speech. Corrected by Warburton.

P. 27. *Told thee no lies, made no mistakings.*—The original has "made *thee* no mistakings"; where *thee* spoils the verse without helping the sense. Doubtless an accidental repetition from the preceding clause.

P. 27. *For one thing she* had,

They would not take her life.—The original reads "For one thing she *did.*" This is, to say the least, very obscure, and there is nothing in the play that throws any light upon it. The reading in the text is explained by what Prospero says in his next speech: "This blue-eyed hag was hither brought *with child,*" &c. The correction was proposed to me by Mr. Joseph Crosby.

P. 29. *Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea:*

Be subject to no sight but mine.—The original reads, "most ridiculously," says Dyce, "no sight but *thine and* mine." It also omits *to* after *like.* Supplied in the second folio.

P. 29. *Go take this shape,*

And hither come in't: hence with diligence!—So Hanmer. The original repeats *go* before *hence,* thus spoiling the metre to no purpose.

P. 29. *Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee:*

Come forth, *thou tortoise!*—The original omits the second *forth.* Both sense and metre evidently require it to be repeated along with *Come.* Inserted by Steevens.

P. 30. *As* wicked *dew as e'er my mother brush'd*

With raven's feather from unwholesome fen. — Upon this Dyce notes as follows: "Though *wicked*, as an epithet of *dew*, makes very good sense, (meaning baleful,) I suspect that it is not Shakespeare's word, and that it has been repeated by mistake from the line just above." Perhaps the Poet wrote *cursed*.

P. 30. *A south-west blow on ye,*

And blister you all o'er. — Ought it not to be "A south-west *wind* blow on ye"? It seems to me that both sense and metre call for *wind*. And where two or more consecutive words begin with the same or similar letters, one is very apt to drop out.

P. 30. *When thou camest* here *first,*

Thou strokedst me and madest much of me. — The old text is without *here*. Ritson thought the word ought to be supplied; and Walker says, "'camest *here* first,' surely."

P. 32. *Therefore wast thou*

Deservedly *confined into this rock,*

Who hadst deserved more than a prison. — I suspect, with Walker, that *deservedly* crept into the text from some other hand than Shakespeare's. Walker observes that "the nine-syllable line is alien to Shakespeare," and proposes to print as follows, adding, "Note the difference of the flow":

Therefore wast thou
Confined into this rock, who hadst deserved
More than a prison.

P. 33. *Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd*
The wild waves whist,

Foot it featly here and there. — So printed in the original. Dyce, with most of the modern editors, makes the second line parenthetical, thus:

Curtsied when you have and kiss'd, —
The wild waves whist, — &c.

This of course means "the wild waves *being* whist." *Whist*, I suppose, means *still* or *calm*; and how the waves could be *wild* and *calm* at the same time, does not well appear. Besides, Dyce's mode of printing, it seems to me, expunges a delicate touch of poetry that is well worth keeping. See foot-note 87.

P. 33. *Hark, hark! the watch-dogs bark,* &c. — I here adopt the reading and arrangement proposed by Mr. P. A. Daniel; which, I think, fairly extricate the latter part of Ariel's song from all difficulty. In the original it stands thus:

> *Foote it featly heere, and there, and sweete Sprights beare*
> *the burthen.* Burthen dispersedly.
> *Harke, harke, bowgh wawgh: the watch-Dogges barke,*
> *bowgh-wawgh.*
> Ar. *Hark, hark, I heare, the straine of strutting Chanticlere*
> *cry cockadidle-dowe.*

Mr. Daniel comments upon the matter as follows: "Every reader will, I think, accept Pope's alteration of *beare the burthen* to *the burthen beare;* but there seems to be a diversity of opinion as to what that burthen is. Some editors only give *bowgh-wawgh, bowgh-wawgh,* as the burthen; others the whole line, *Hark, hark, bowgh-wawgh; the watch-dogges barke, bowgh-wawgh;* and all give *cry cockadidle-dowe* as part of Ariel's song. *Cry* seems to me to be merely a stage-direction. The burthen heard dispersedly is the barking of dogs and the crowing of cocks."

P. 37. *What, I say,*
My fool *my tutor?* — The original has *foot* instead of *fool.* Walker says, "Read *fool,*" and quotes from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Pilgrim*, iv. 1:

> When *fools* and mad-folks shall be *tutors to me,*
> And feel my sores, yet I unsensible, &c.

P. 38. *My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,*
The wreck of all my friends, and *this man's threats*
To whom I am subdued, are light to me. — The original reads "*nor* this man's threats," and "are *but* light to me"; of which the one plainly upsets the sense, and the other the metre.

ACT II., SCENE I.

P. 40. *I pr'ythee spare* me. — So Walker. The original lacks *me.*

P. 40. Adri. *Though this island seem to be desert,* —
Sebas. *Ha, ha, ha!* — *So, you're paid.*
Adri. — *uninhabitable,* &c. — The original prints the second

line as two speeches, and assigns the latter part, "So, you're paid," to Antonio. Mr. White changes *you're paid* to *you've paid*. The correction in the text is Theobald's. See foot-note 5.

P. 42. Alon. *Ah!* — The original has "*Gon.*" instead of "*Alon.*" The correction is Staunton's; who notes, "this exclamation belongs to Alonso, who is awakened from his trance of grief."

P. 44. *And the fair soul herself*
Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at
Which end the *beam should bow.* — The original reads "at Which end *o' the* beam should bow." Modern editions generally change *should* to *she'd;* but it seems to me much better to erase *o'*, and thus make *beam* the subject of *should bow.* Pope's correction.

P. 46. Sebas. God *save his Majesty!*
Anto. *Long live Gonzalo!* — So Walker. The original omits *God*, which was probably stricken out by the Master of the Revels in obedience to the well-known statute against profanity. In such matters, the Poet's judgment seems preferable to an Act of Parliament. The folio has many instances of such omission, where the quartos which were printed before the passing of the Act in question give the text as Shakespeare undoubtedly wrote it.

P. 47. *Will you laugh me asleep? for I am very heavy.*
Anto. *Go sleep, and hear us* not. — The original is without *not.* There appears no assignable reason of wit why the Poet should have left it out, and all other reasons certainly require it. Keightley's correction.

P. 49. *Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,* —
But doubt *discovery there.* — Here Capell substitutes *doubts* for *doubt*, but, as it seems to me, without at all relieving the obscurity. Hanmer reads "But *drops* discovery there." This is more intelligible, but still unsatisfactory. The passage has long been a poser to me, as I have met with no sufficient explanation of it. Possibly we ought to read "*Nor aught discover* there." See foot-note 42.

P. 50. *She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells*
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the Sun were post, —

The Man-i'-the-moon's too slow, — till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable : she too for *whom*
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again ;
And, by that destiny, to perform an act, &c. — In the old text, the fifth of these lines stands precisely thus : "Be rough, and Razorable: She that from whom." The modern text is, "Be rough and razorable; she that from whom," or "she from whom," or "she from whom *coming*." In "She that from whom," *that* must needs be taken as a relative pronoun, just as it is in the preceding clauses. Now "she that from whom" is not English, and, I am sure, never was; for it is the same as "she *who* from whom," which is absurd. At one time I thought of reading "*She's* that from whom," which makes *that* a demonstrative pronoun, and thus removes the absurdity aforesaid. But it seems to me better to substitute *too*, and so get rid of *that* altogether. Nor is the change at all violent. And my theory is, that "she that from" got repeated by a sort of contagion from the third line above. As to the change of *from* into *for*, perhaps it is not strictly necessary, as *from* may possibly yield the same meaning. At all events, *for whom* legitimately carries the sense of *on whose account*, or, *because of whom*. *For* is often used thus. See foot-note 45.

P. 50. *A space whose every cubit*
Seems to cry out, "*How* shalt thou, *Claribel,*
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!" — The original reads "How *shall that* Claribel Measure," &c. The reading here given is Hanmer's. I am surprised that it has not been more generally accepted; for the continuation of the speech, "Keep in Tunis," &c., is clearly an apostrophe to Claribel, and was no doubt meant to be in the same construction.

P. 51. Sebas. *But, for your conscience, —*
Anto. *Ay, sir ;* and *where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,*
'Twould put me to my slipper. — The original is without *and* in the second of these lines. Inserted by Dyce.

P. 52. *Here lies your brother,*
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like ; whom I,
With this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever. — In the third of these lines, the original

has *that's dead* after "now he's like," and transfers *whom I* to the beginning of the next line. Steevens made the following just note upon the passage: "The words *that's dead* (as Dr. Farmer observes to me) are evidently a gloss, or marginal note, which has found its way into the text. Such a supplement is useless to the speaker's meaning, and the next verse becomes redundant by its insertion."

P. 52. *My master through his art foresees the danger*
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth —
For else his project dies — to keep thee *living.* — The original reads "to keepe *them* living." Some editors change *project* to *projects*, and thus make an antecedent for *them;* but Dyce's correction is unquestionably right.

P. 53. Gonza. [Waking.] *Now, good angels*
Preserve the King! —[To SEBAS. and ANTO.] *Why, how now!* —
[To ALON.] *Ho, awake!*
[To SEBAS. and ANTO.] *Why are you drawn? wherefore this ghastly looking?*
Alon. [Waking.] *What's the matter?* — I here give the arrangement which Dyce adopted and improved from Staunton. The old text makes a strange muddle of the passage, thus:

Gon. Now, good Angels preserve the King.
Alon. Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Gon. What's the matter?

P. 53. *I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,*
That's verity. — Instead of *verity*, the original has *verily.* Corrected by Pope.

ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 58. *Here; swear,* man, *how thou escapedst.* — The old text reads "swere *then* how thou escap'dst." This makes the speech addressed to Caliban, whereas the context clearly requires it to be addressed to Trinculo. Several ways of printing have been proposed, in order to get over the difficulty; but they only remove one difficulty to draw on another. Probably the transcriber or compositor supposed the speech addressed to Caliban, and sophisticated it into logical harmony with that idea, by changing *man* into *then.*

P. 60. *And sometimes I'll get thee*
Young staniels *from the rock.* — Instead of *staniels*, the original has *scamels*, which has drawn forth a deal of commentary. The correction is Dyce's, from whose remarks on the passage I condense the following: "Here *scamels* has been explained as the diminutive of *scams*, and as meaning limpets. But I have little or no doubt that it is a misprint: for who gathers *young* limpets? and besides, the words *from the rock* would seem to be equivalent to *from the cliffs*. Theobald substituted *shamois*, and also proposed *sea-malls* or *sea-mells*, and *stannels* or *staniels*. In the first place, *staniels* comes very near the trace of the old letters. Secondly, *staniels* accords well with the context, 'from the rock'; for, as Montagu's *Ornithological Dictionary* tells us, the 'Kestrel, *Stannel*, or Windhover, is one of our most common species of hawks, especially in the more *rocky situations and high cliffs on our coasts, where they breed.*' Thirdly, in another passage of Shakespeare, where nobody doubts that the genuine reading is *staniel*, all the old editions exhibit the gross misprint, *stallion*: 'And with what wing the *stallion* checks at it!' *Twelfth Night*, ii. 5."

P. 60. *Nor scrape* trencher, *nor wash dish.* — The original has *trenchering*, "which," says Dyce, "is undoubtedly an error of the transcriber or compositor, occasioned by the preceding words *firing* and *requiring*." Pope's correction.

Act III., Scene I.

P. 61. *This my mean task would be*
As heavy to me as 'tis *odious, but*
The mistress, &c. — The original lacks *'tis*, which was inserted by Pope; and rightly, beyond question.

P. 61. *But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my* labour;
Most busy when I do it least. — The original has *labours* instead of *labour*, and also reads "Most busie *lest*, when I doe it." The second folio changes *lest* to *least*. But the two forms were often used indifferently, and either form was used in both the senses of our present words *lest* and *least*. Modern editions generally print *labour* instead of *labours*, so as to harmonize with *it* in the next line. Few passages in Shakespeare have been more fruitful of comment and controversy than this. The list of changes made or proposed is quite too long for reproduction here. With the old reading it is uncertain what

most busy refers to or is the predicate of; that is to say, whether the meaning be "*I being* most busy," or "these sweet *thoughts* being most busy." For the latter sense the best reading I have met with is "most *busiest*," proposed by Holt White, and adopted by Singer and Grant White. But had this been the Poet's thought he would probably have written "Most busy *they*, when I do it." Dyce prints, with Theobald, "Most *busiless*," which, of course, makes the phrase refer to the speaker himself; but the reading is to me quite unsatisfactory. On the whole, it seems much better to connect *lest* or *least* with what follows, and not with what precedes. It is worth noting, also, that the old reading throws the ictus on *I* and *it*, whereas it ought, evidently, to fall on *when* and *do*. Hardly any corruptions are more frequent in Shakespeare than those resulting from misplacement of words, and even of whole lines. Many are the cases where similar transpositions have to be made. In this case we might read "Most busy, *least* when I do it"; but this gives us a very awkward inversion, and both sense and rhythm come much better by transposing *least* to the end. But I suspect, after all, that the Poet first wrote *most busie*, then interlined *lest* or *least* as a correction, and that the two got printed together; so that we ought to read "*Least* busy when I do it." And so Pope reads. — Perhaps I ought to add that Mr. A. E. Brae proposes to read "my *labour's* most busy *hest*"; *hest* being taken in the sense of *task* or *exaction*. With this reading, as the proposer observes, "an object is given to the possessive *s* in *labour's*, and an antecedent provided for the pronoun *it* in the last line." But this reading, I think, would make the passage rather too tame. See foot-note 2.

P. 65. *So glad of this as they I cannot be,*
Who am *surprised* withal. — The old text reads "Who *are* surprised *with all*." Theobald changed *with all* to *withal*, and rightly, beyond question. The same misprint occurs frequently, as Walker has shown. And so *are* is, I have no doubt, a misprint for *am*. Prospero is himself surprised, as indeed he well may be, that his wish has been crowned so far beyond his expectations; and it is most natural that he should be expressing that surprise: but the lovers, I take it, are not at all surprised at what has sprung up in their hearts; it seems to them the most natural thing in the world.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 66. *Wilt thou be pleased*
To hearken once again the suit I made thee? — The original prints this speech as prose, and reads "to hearken once again *to* the suit I made *to* thee." Caliban everywhere else, I believe, except in his next speech, uses verse: it seems indeed one of his leading characteristics to do so. Dyce thinks the present speech should be printed as in the text.

P. 69. *He has brave utensils, — for so he calls them, —*
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck't *withal.* — So Hanmer and Walker. The original, *decke* for *deck't.*

P. 69. *I ne'er saw woman,*
But only Sycorax my dam and she. — The original reads "I *never* saw *a* woman." Corrected by Pope.

P. 71. Cal. *The sound is going away; let's follow it,*
And after do our work. — The old copies assign this speech to Trinculo. The correction is Mr. P. A. Daniel's, who justly observes that "Stephano replies to it, 'Lead, monster; we'll follow.'"

P. 71. Steph. *I would I could see this taborer! he lays it on. — Wilt come?*
Trin. *I'll follow, Stephano.* — Such is clearly the right distribution, as Ritson observes. The old copies make *Wilt come* the beginning of Trinculo's speech.

ACT III., SCENE 3.

P. 74. *Each putter-out* of one *for* five. — The original inverts the order here, *of five for one;* which can hardly be made to yield the right sense. The correction is Thirlby's. See foot-note 12.

P. 74. *The never-surfeited sea*
Hath caused to belch up; yea, *and on this island,*
Where man doth not inhabit. — The original reads "to belch up *you.*" But the object of *belch up* is expressed in *whom,* fourth line above; the regular construction being, "You are three men of sin, whom Destiny hath caused the never-surfeited sea to belch up." So

that *you* coming in after *belch up* is, to say the least, extremely awkward. And, as we have *you* again in the next line, right under *yea*, the misprint, if it be one, is easily accounted for. The correction is Staunton's.

P. 76. *Their great guilt,*
Like poison given to work a long *time after.* — The original reads "work a *great* time after." — The change is Walker's, who supposes *great* to have been repeated by mistake from the preceding line.

ACT IV., SCENE I.

P. 78. *As I hope*
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With love such as 'tis now, the murkiest even,
The most oppórtune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, &c. — The old text has "the murkiest *den*." The reading *even* or *e'en* for *den* was proposed by "C. T." in *Notes and Queries*, July 25, 1874. The natural logic of the passage plainly requires some word denoting time; as the speaker is apparently supposing a concurrence of the several inducements of time, place, and inclination. Besides, the sense of "murkiest den" is better expressed in "most oppórtune place." The misprint of *d* for *e* occurs, I think, oftener than any other.

P. 80. *Thy banks with* peonèd *and* twillèd *brims,*
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns. — The first of these lines has proved, with one exception, more fruitful of comment and controversy than any other passage in the play. Those who retain the old reading commonly explain *peoned* or *pioned* as meaning *dug*, and *twilled* as meaning *ridged*, or made into ridges, — a sense which it bears in reference to some kinds of cloth. But the words so explained will nowise cohere with the purpose assigned, "to make cold nymphs chaste crowns." Others understand *peoned* as referring to the well-known flower called *peony*, and changed *twilled* to *lilied*. This gives a meaning in harmony with the context indeed, but hardly consistent with fact: for, though it appears from Bacon's essay *Of Gardens* that peonies and lilies bloomed in April, it nowhere appears that those flowers bloomed, or even grew, in such places as the brims of rivers. In fact, the peony,

as it is known to us, is not a wild flower, does not grow in marshy grounds, and has no connection with river-banks. The difficulty, I think, is fairly cleared up by *The Edinburgh Review* for October, 1872. The learned writer has the following: "We could not but believe that there must be some flower, most probably a water-flower, or one living on marshy ground, that was provincially known as a peony. In confirmation of this view, we were informed by a clergyman who was for many years incumbent of a parish in the county, that *peony* is the name given in Warwickshire to the marsh-marigold. On a little reflection it was not difficult to see why the name of the peony should have been transferred to the marsh-marigold. In their early stages, when the peculiar state of the bud naturally attracts attention, the peony and marsh-marigold are alike, not only in growth and form, but in colour also. The marsh-marigold haunts the watery margins as the constant associate of reeds and rushes, blooms in 'spongy April,' and, in common with other water flowers, is twined with sedge 'to make cold nymphs chaste crowns.'" The writer also quotes from Mrs. Loudon's description of the flower: "This is one of the most showy of the British plants, and it is also one of the most common, as there are few ponds or slow rivers in Great Britain that have not some of these plants growing on their banks in April and May." In regard to *twillèd* also, the same writer shows that *twills* was an old provincial name for *reeds* and certain species of *sedge*. "The word is indeed," says he, "still retained in its secondary application, being commercially used to denote the fluted or rib-like effect produced on various fabrics by a kind of ridged or carded weaving. *Twillèd* is, therefore, the very word to describe the crowded sedges in the shallower reaches of the Avon as it winds around Stratford." On the whole, then, I am satisfied that the old reading must stand; though, without the foregoing explanation, I was never able to see any sense in it. See foot-note 14.

P. 80. *And thy* brown *groves,*
Whose shadow the dismissèd bachelor loves. — So Hanmer and Collier's second folio. The original has "thy *broom* groves." Milton uses *brown* repeatedly in the same way. So in *Paradise Lost*, ix. 1088: "Where highest woods spread their umbrage broad and *brown* at evening." The change in the text is strongly opposed by some. I can well understand why a grove should be called *brown*, but not how a growth of *broom* should be called a *grove;* the broom, or *genista*, being, as Nares observes, a mere shrub, which gives no shade. In support,

however, of the old reading, it is said that one kind of broom grows to the height of a tall man. So do some species of corn ; yet who would speak of a *grove* of corn ? Lettsom comments as follows: "The notion of disconsolate lovers betaking themselves to groves is common enough in poetry: Shakespeare himself has placed Romeo in a sycamore grove when Rosaline was cruel; and we may judge from this the sort of grove he would select for a young gentleman in like case. Till it can be shown that a growth of broom may be called a grove, it seems idle to dispute about the height of the shrub. In Babington's *Botany* it is said to be two and a half or three feet high ; and this is certainly the usual height to which it grows on Hampstead Heath, though occasionally a plant may be found taller: I am told that in Italy it grows to the height of six or seven feet; but that surely is no great matter. The defences set up for the old reading appear to me singularly weak." I must add that, in the first scene of the play, we have an instance of *broom* evidently misprinted *brown* in the original ; and I do not see why *brown* might not as easily have been misprinted *broom*. See note on the passage, page 13.

P. 83. *Earth's increase*, and *foison plenty.* — So the second folio: the first omits *and*. The prefix "*Cer.*" is also wanting in the original.

P. 83. *So rare a wonder'd father and a* wife
Make *this place Paradise.* — The original has *wise* for *wife* and *makes* for *make*. The old reading has been stoutly maintained; but I can hardly think that Ferdinand would leave the wife out of such a reckoning, especially the wife being Miranda, or the Wonderful. Then too *wise* and *Paradise* make a disagreeable jingle. See foot-note 26.

P. 84. *You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the* winding *brooks,*
With your sedge *crowns and ever-harmless looks,*
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer our *summons; Juno does command.* — In the first of these lines, the original has *windering*, which Rowe corrected to *winding*. Some editors read *wandering*. In the second line, the original has "*sedg'd* crowns." The reading in the text is Walker's, and is also found in Collier's second folio. It appears that final *d* and final *e* were especially apt to be confounded. In the fourth line, the old text has *your* instead of *our*. Probably repeated by mistake from the line before.

P. 85. *This is* most *strange: your father's in some passion*
That works him strongly. — So Hanmer and Dyce. The original lacks *most*, which certainly helps the sense, and finishes the verse; still I am not quite sure about it.

P. 85. *You do*, my son, look *in a mov'd sort.* — The original reads "You do *look, my son*," &c. The reading in the text was proposed by Seymour.

P. 85. *And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,*
Leave not a rack *behind.* — So the old editions. Dyce and some others print *wreck* instead of *rack;* and Dyce produces several instances where the form *rack* is clearly used for *wreck*. But I think the sense of *rack* harmonizes best with the context. Thus the expressions, "Melted into thin air," "the baseless fabric of this vision," "shall dissolve," and "this insubstantial pageant faded," naturally draw into the sense of something thinner and more vapoury than is fairly expressed by the word *wreck*. See foot-note 33.

P. 86. Ferd. Mira. *We wish* you *peace.*
Pros. [To ARIEL.] *Come with a thought! — I thank* ye.
[Exeunt FERD. and MIRA.] — *Ariel come!* — The original has "wish *your* peace," and "I thank *thee* Ariel: come." The first correction is Walker's, the other Dyce's; and both seem eminently judicious. See foot-note 35.

P. 86. Well, *say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?* — The original lacks *Well*.

P. 87. *On whom my pains,*
Humanely taken, all are *lost, quite lost.* — So Walker. The original has "all, *all* lost." Hanmer reads "*are all* lost."

P. 88. Nay, *good my lord, give me thy favour still.* — The original lacks *Nay*, and thus defeats Caliban of his wonted rhythm.

P. 89. *Let's* along,
And do the murder first. — The original has "Let's *alone*." The correction is Theobald's, and I think it needs no defence.

Act V., Scene I.

P. 92. *In the same fashion as you gave in charge,*
Just as you left them; all are *prisoners, sir,*
In the line-grove, &c. — In the second of these lines, the old text reads "all prisoners, sir." The Poet could hardly have been so indifferent to rhythm as to leave such a gap. Pope reads "all *your* prisoners." The reading in the text is from Collier's second folio.

P. 93. *And the remainder mourning over them,*
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
He *that you term'd "The good old lord, Gonzalo":*
His tears run down his beard, like winter-*drops*
From eaves of reeds. — In the third of these lines, the original has *Him* for *He*, and inserts *sir* after *term'd*, to the manifest spoiling of the metre. — In the fourth line, again, the old text has "*winters* drops." Corrected in the fourth folio.

P. 94. *And 'twixt the green sea and the* azure *vault*
Set roaring war. — The original has "*azur'd* vault." See note on "With your *sedge* crowns," page 125.

P. 95. *A solemn air,* as *the best comforter*
To an unsettled fancy, cure the *brains,*
Now useless, boil'd *within* the *skull!* — In the first of these lines, the old text has *and* instead of *as*. But the latter is clearly required; for Prospero certainly means that a "a solemn air" is itself "the best comforter." Shakespeare is almost classical in his estimate of the power of music; and here he probably had in mind the effect of David's harp and voice in charming the evil spirit out of King Saul. See 1 Samuel, xvi. 23. — In the second and third lines, again, the original has "cure *thy* brains," and "within *thy* skull." But Prospero is evidently speaking either to all six of the men or else to none of them. If he is speaking to them, it should be *your* — *your*; if merely in reference to them, it should be either *the* — *the* or *their* — *their*. The correction is Dr. C. M. Ingleby's, and is manifestly right; though, for my part, I should prefer *their* — *their*, but that it involves more of literal change. The old copies have many clear instances of like error. — The original also has *boile* instead of *boil'd*, which the sense naturally

requires. Probably the Poet wrote *boild;* and here, as in many other cases, final *d* and final *e* were confounded. See foot-note 10.

P. 95. *O* thou *good Gonzalo,*
My true preserver, &c. — So Walker. The original lacks *thou,* and so has an ugly gap in the verse. "O *my* good Gonzalo" is the reading of some editors.

P. 96. *In a cowslip's bell I lie, —*
There I couch: when owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly
After Summer *merrily.* — In the second of these lines, I adopt the punctuation proposed by Heath. The original reads "There I couch when owls do cry." Heath notes as follows: "If Ariel 'couches in the cowslip's bell when owls do cry,' it follows that he couches there in Winter; for that, as Mr. Warburton hath shown, from the authority of our Poet himself, as well as from the general notoriety of the fact, is the season when owls do cry. How, then, can it consistently be said, as it is in the words immediately following, that he constantly flies the approach of Winter, by following the Summer in its progress to other climates?" — In the fourth line, Theobald changed *Summer* to *sunset;* plausibly, as it assimilates the meaning to matter of fact. But the Poet ascribes to Ariel and his fellows something of the same qualities which the Fairies have, as delineated in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.* These beings move entirely according to the pleasure and impulse of their inner nature, unlimited by any external order of facts; "wandering everywhere swifter than the moony sphere," in quest of whatever they have most delight in, or most affinity with. Oberon puts it thus:

> Then my Queen, in silence sad,
> Trip we after the night's shade:
> We the globe can compass soon,
> Swifter than the wandering Moon.

P. 97. *The master and the boatswain*
Being awaked, *enforce them to this place.* — So Walker conjectured, and so the context clearly requires. The original has *awake.* Another instance of *d* and *e* confounded, the Poet having probably written *awakd.*

P. 98. *But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,*
I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I'll tell no tales.
Sebas. [Aside to ANTO.] *The Devil speaks in him.*
Pros. Now,
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother, &c. — In the last line but one, the original has *No* instead of *Now*. *No* must of course refer to what Sebastian has just said, "The Devil speaks in him." But this is evidently spoken either to himself or to his partner in guilt; and things so spoken are, I think, never supposed to be heard by the other persons of the scene. Besides, we naturally want the sense of *now* as a transitional word. The correction was proposed by the late Professor Allen, of Philadelphia.

P. 99. *As great to me, as late; and,* portable
To make the dear loss, &c. — The original has *supportable*, which makes shocking work with the metre. Steevens printed *portable*, which keeps the sense, saves the verse, and is elsewhere used by the Poet.

P. 99. *And scarce think*
Their eyes do offices of truth, these *words*
Are natural breath. — So Capell. The original has "*their* words." But Prospero evidently refers to the words himself is speaking. See foot-note 30.

P. 101. *Let us not burden our* remembrance *with*
A heaviness that's gone. — The original has *remembrances*. Corrected by Pope.

P. 103. When *we, in all* her *trim, freshly beheld*
Our royal, good, and gallant ship. — The original reads, "*Where* we, in all *our* trim." The last is Thirlby's correction.

P. 104. *This mis*-shaped *knave,* —
His mother was a witch. — So Pope and Walker. The original has "mis-*shapen*."

P. 105. *This is* as strange a thing *as e'er I look'd on.* — The original reads "This is *a strange thing* as," &c. Corrected by Capell.

P. 106. *Where I have hope to see the nuptial*
Of these our dear-belovèd solemnized. — The original has "our *deere-belov'd solemnized*"; which White and Dyce retain. This, it seems to me, is pushing conservatism one letter too far. It is true, the Poet sometimes has it *solémnizèd;* but then he oftener has it as in the text.

P. 107. *Now my charms are all o'erthrown*, &c. — All Shakespearians, I believe, are pretty much agreed that this Epilogue was not written by Shakespeare. The whole texture and grain of the thing are altogether unlike him. Any one, who will take pains to compare it with the passages of trochaic verse in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, must see at once, I think, that the two could not have come from the same hand. It cannot be affirmed with positiveness who did write the Epilogue. As Mr. White observes, such appendages were very apt to be supplied by some second hand; and in Shakespeare's circle of friends and fellow-dramatists there were more than one who might well have done this office for him, either with or without his consent; especially as his plays are known to have passed out of his hands into the keeping of the theatrical company for which he wrote. Both the Prologue and the Epilogue of *King Henry VIII.* have been noted by Johnson and others as decidedly wanting in the right Shakespearian taste.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

FIRST printed in the folio of 1623; but heard of as early as 1611 through one Simon Forman, M.D., a noted astrologer and quack of that time, who evidently took great delight in the theatre, and who kept a diary of what he witnessed there. In 1836 the manuscript of this diary was discovered in the Ashmolean Museum, and a portion of its contents published. Forman was at the Globe theatre on Wednesday, the 15th of May, 1611, and under that date he records "how Leontes the King of Sicilia was overcome with jealousy of his wife with the King of Bohemia, his friend that came to see him, and how he contrived his death, and would have had his cup-bearer poison him, who gave the King warning thereof, and fled with him to Bohemia. Also, how he sent to the oracle of Apollo, and the answer of Apollo was that she was guiltless; and, except the child was found again that was lost, the King should die without issue: for the child was carried into Bohemia, and there laid in a forest, and brought up by a shepherd; and the King of Bohemia's son married that wench, and they fled into Sicilia, and by the jewels found about her she was known to be Leontes' daughter, and was then sixteen years old."

This clearly identifies the performance seen by Forman as *The Winter's Tale* of Shakespeare. It is altogether probable that the play was then new, and was in its first course of exhibition. For Sir George Buck became Master of the Revels in October, 1610, and was succeeded in that office by Sir Henry Herbert in 1623, who passed *The Winter's Tale* without examination, on the ground of its being an "old play formerly allowed by Sir George Buck." As the play had to be licensed before it could be performed, this ascertains its first performance to have

been after October, 1610. So that *The Winter's Tale* was most likely presented for official sanction some time between that date and the 15th of May following, when Forman saw it at the Globe. To all this must be added the internal characteristics of the play itself, which is in the Poet's ripest and most idiomatic style of art. It is not often that the date of his workmanship can be so closely marked.

In the plot and incidents of this play, Shakespeare followed very closely the *Pandosto*, or, as it was sometimes called, the *Dorastus and Fawnia*, of Robert Greene. This novel appears to have been one of the most popular books of the time; there being no less than fourteen old editions of it known, the first of which was in 1588. Greene was a scholar, a man of some genius, Master of Arts in both the Universities, and had indeed much more of learning than of judgment in the use and application of it. For it seems as if he could not write at all without overloading his pages with classical allusion, nor hit upon any thought so trite and commonplace, but that he must run it through a series of aphoristic sentences twisted out of Greek and Roman lore. In this respect, he is apt to remind one of his fellow-dramatist, Thomas Lodge, whose *Rosalynd* contributed so much to the Poet's *As You Like It:* for it was then much the fashion for authors to prank up their matter with superfluous erudition. Like all the surviving works of Greene, *Pandosto* is greatly charged with learned impertinence, and in the annoyance thence resulting one is apt to overlook the real merit of the performance. It is better than Lodge's *Rosalynd* for this reason, if for no other, that it is shorter. I must condense so much of the tale as may suffice to indicate the nature and extent of the Poet's obligations.

Pandosto, King of Bohemia, and Egistus, King of Sicilia, had passed their boyhood together, and grown into a mutual friendship which kept its hold on them long after coming to their crowns. Pandosto had for his wife a very wise and beautiful lady named Bellaria, who had made him the father of a prince called Garinter in whom both himself and his people greatly delighted. After many years of separation, Egistus "sailed into

Bohemia to visit his old friend," who, hearing of his arrival, went with a great train of lords and ladies to meet him, received him very lovingly, and wished his wife to welcome him. No pains were spared to honour the royal visitor and make him feel at home. Bellaria, "to show how much she liked him whom her husband loved," treated Egistus with great confidence, often going herself to his chamber to see that nothing should be amiss. This honest familiarity increased from day to day, insomuch that when Pandosto was busy with State affairs they would walk into the garden and pass their time in pleasant devices. After a while, Pandosto began to have doubtful thoughts, considering the beauty of his wife, and the comeliness and bravery of his friend. This humour growing upon him, he went to watching them, and fishing for proofs to confirm his suspicions. At length his mind got so charged with jealousy that he felt quite certain of the thing he feared, and studied for nothing so much as revenge. He resolved to work by poison, and called upon his cup-bearer, Franion, to execute the scheme, and pressed him to it with the alternative of preferment or death. The minister, after trying his best to dissuade the King, at last gave his consent, in order to gain time, then went to Egistus, and told him the secret, and fled with him to Sicilia. Full of rage at being thus baffled, Pandosto then let loose his fury against the Queen, ordering her forthwith into close prison. He then had his suspicion proclaimed as a certain truth; and though her character went far to discredit the charge, yet the sudden flight of Egistus caused it to be believed. And he would fain have made war on Egistus, but that the latter not only was of great strength and prowess, but had many kings in his alliance, his wife being daughter to the Emperor of Russia.

Meanwhile the Queen in prison gave birth to a daughter; which put the King in a greater rage than ever, insomuch that he ordered both the mother and the babe to be burnt alive. Against this cruel sentence his nobles stoutly remonstrated; but the most they could gain was, that he should spare the child's life; his next device being to put her in a boat and leave her to the mercy of the winds and waves. At the hearing of this hard doom, the Queen fell down in a trance, so that all thought

her dead; and on coming to herself she at last gave up the babe, saying, "Let me kiss thy lips, sweet infant, and wet thy tender cheeks with my tears, and put this chain about thy little neck, that if fortune save thee, it may help to succour thee."

When the day of trial came, the Queen, standing as a prisoner at the bar, and seeing that nothing but her death would satisfy the King, "waxed bold, and desired that she might have law and justice," and that her accusers might be brought before her face. The King replied that their word was enough, the flight of Egistus confirming what they had said; and that it was her part "to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since she had passed all shame in committing the fault." At the same time he threatened her with a cruel death; which she met by telling him that her life had ever been such as no spot of suspicion could stain, and that, if she had borne a friendly countenance towards Egistus, it was only as he was her husband's friend: "therefore, if she were condemned without further proof, it was rigour, and not law." The judges said she spoke reason, and begged that her accusers might be openly examined and sworn; whereupon the King went to browbeating them, the very demon of tyranny having got possession of him. The Queen then told him that, if his fury might stand for law, it was of no use for the jury to give their verdict; and therefore she begged him to send six of his noblemen to "the Isle of Delphos," to inquire of Apollo whether she were guilty or not. This request he could not refuse. The messengers using all haste soon came back with the sealed answer of Apollo. The court being now assembled again, the scroll was opened and read in their presence, its contents being much the same as in the play. As soon as Apollo's verdict was known, the people raised a great shout, rejoicing and clapping their hands, that the Queen was clear. The repentant King then besought his nobles to intercede with the Queen in his behalf, at the same time confessing how he had tried to compass the death of Egistus; and while he was doing this word came that the young Prince was suddenly dead; at the hearing of which the Queen fell down, and could never be revived: the King also sank down senseless, and lay in that state three days; and there was nothing but mourning in Bohemia.

Upon reviving, the King was so frenzied with grief and remorse that he would have killed himself, but that his peers being present stayed his hand, entreating him to spare his life for the people's sake. He had the Queen and Prince very richly and piously entombed; and from that time repaired daily to the tomb to bewail his loss.

Up to this point, the play, so far as the mere incidents are concerned, is little else than a dramatized version of the tale: henceforth the former diverges more widely from the latter, though many of the incidents are still the same in both.

The boat with its innocent freight was carried by wind and tide to the coast of Sicilia, where it stuck in the sand. A poor shepherd, missing one of his sheep, wandered to the seaside in search of it. As he was about to return he heard a cry, and, there being no house near, he thought it might be the bleating of his sheep; and going to look more narrowly he spied a little boat from which the cry seemed to come. Wondering what it might be, he waded to the boat, and found the babe lying there ready to die of cold and hunger, wrapped in an embroidered mantle, and having a chain about the neck. Touched with pity he took the infant in his arms, and as he was fixing the mantle there fell at his feet a very fair rich purse containing a great sum of gold. To secure the benefit of this wealth, he carried the babe home as secretly as he could, and gave her in charge to his wife, telling her the process of the discovery. The shepherd's name was Porrus, his wife's Mopsa; the precious foundling they named Fawnia. Being themselves childless, they brought her up tenderly as their own daughter. With the gold Porrus bought a farm and a flock of sheep, which Fawnia at the age of ten was set to watch; and, as she was likely to be his only heir, many rich farmers' sons came to his house as wooers; for she was of singular beauty and excellent wit, and at sixteen grew to such perfection of mind and person that her praises were spoken at the Sicilian Court. Nevertheless she still went forth every day with the sheep, veiling her face from the Sun with a garland of flowers; which attire became her so well, that she seemed the goddess Flora herself for beauty.

King Egistus had an only son, named Dorastus, a Prince so

adorned with gifts and virtues, that both King and people had great joy of him. He being now of ripe age, his father sought to match him with some princess; but the youth was little minded to wed, as he had more pleasure in the exercises of the field and the chase. One day, as he was pursuing this sport, he chanced to fall in with the lovely shepherdess, and while he was rapt in wonder at the vision one of his pages told him she was Fawnia, whose beauty was so much talked of at the Court.

The story then goes on to relate the matter of their courtship; how the Prince resolved to forsake his home and inheritance, and become a shepherd, for her sake, as she could not think of matching with one above her degree; how, forecasting the opposition and dreading the anger of his father, he planned for escaping into Italy, in which enterprise he was assisted by an old servant of his named Capnio, who managed the affair so shrewdly, that the Prince made good his escape, taking the old shepherd along with him; how, after they got to sea, the ship was seized by a tempest and carried away to Bohemia; and how at length the several parties met together at the Court of Pandosto, which drew on a disclosure of the facts, and a happy marriage of the fugitive lovers.

From the foregoing sketch, it would seem that the Poet must have written with the novel before him, and not merely from general recollection. Here, again, as in case of *As You Like It*, to appreciate his judgment and taste, one needs to compare his workmanship in detail with the original, and to note what he left unused. The free sailing between Sicily and Bohemia he retained, inverting, however, the local order of the persons and incidents, so that Polixenes and Florizel are Bohemian Princes, whereas their prototypes, Egistus and his son, are Sicilians. The reason of this inversion does not appear. Of course, the Poet could not have done it with any view to disguise his obligations; as his purpose evidently was, to make the popular interest of the tale tributary to his own success and profit. In the novel, Paulina and the Clown are wanting altogether; while Capnio yields but a slight hint, if indeed it be so much, towards the part of Autolycus. And, besides the great addition of life and matter

in these persons, the play has several other judicious departures from the novel.

In Leontes all the revolting features of Pandosto, save his jealousy, and the headstrong insolence and tyranny thence proceeding, are purged away; so that while the latter has neither intellect nor generosity to redeem his character, jealousy being the least of his faults, the other has a liberal stock of both. And in Bellaria the Poet had little more than a bare framework of incident wherein to set the noble, lofty womanhood of Hermione, — a conception far, far above the reach of such a mind as Greene's. In the matter of the painted statue, Shakespeare, so far as is known, was altogether without a model, as he is without an imitator; the boldness of the plan being indeed such as nothing but entire success could justify, and wherein it is hardly possible to conceive of anybody but Shakespeare's having succeeded. And yet here it is that we are to look for the idea and formal cause of Hermione's character, while her character, again, is the shaping and informing power of the whole drama.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.
MAMILLIUS, his Son.
CAMILLO, ANTIGONUS, CLEOMENES, DION, } Sicilian Lords.
ROGERO, a Sicilian Gentleman.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.
FLORIZEL, his Son.
ARCHIDAMUS, a Bohemian Lord.
A Mariner.
A Jailer.
An old Shepherd.
Clown, his Son.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
AUTOLYCUS, a Rogue.
Time, as Chorus.

HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes.
PERDITA, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
PAULINA, Wife to Antigonus.
EMILIA, a Lady attending on the Queen.
MOPSA, DORCAS, } Shepherdesses.

Lords, Ladies, Gentlemen, and Attendants; Satyrs for a Dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE.—*Sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. An Antechamber in the Palace of* LEONTES.

Enter CAMILLO *and* ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming Summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves;[1] for, indeed, —

Cam. Beseech you, —

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence — in so rare — I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which[2] cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed[3] with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast;[4] and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The Heavens continue their love!

[1] "*In so far as* our entertainment falls short, we will make up the deficiency with our love."

[2] Instead of *which*, the usage of our time would require *as* in this place. But in Shakespeare's time the demonstratives *this*, *that*, and *such*, and also the relatives *which*, *that*, and *as*, were often used indiscriminately.

[3] *Attorneyed* is done by deputy or representative, as a man is represented by his attorney in a lawsuit. — *That*, in the next clause, has the force of *so that*, or *insomuch that*; a frequent usage with the Poet.

[4] *Vast* is here used in much the same sense as in *Hamlet*, i. 2: "In the dead *vast* and middle of the night." So in *Paradise Lost*, vi. 203: "Through the *vast* of Heaven it sounded, and the faithful armies sung hosanna to the Highest." See, also, page 30, note 79.

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.[5]

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject,[6] makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and* Attendants.

Polix. Nine changes of the watery star [1] have been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;

[5] "Come *within* my *notice* or knowledge." The Poet has *note* repeatedly in this sense. So in *King Lear*, iii. 1: "Sir, I do *know* you; and dare, upon the warrant of my *note*," &c.

[6] *Physic*, verb, was formerly used for to *heal* or *make healthy*. *Medicine* is still used in like manner; as in *Cymbeline*, iv. 2: "Great griefs, I see, *medicine* the less." — *Subject* here bears the sense of *subjects*, the singular for the plural.

[1] The *watery star* is the Moon; probably called watery from her connection with the tides. And the meaning is, simply, that the shepherd hath noted, or seen, nine changes of the Moon. The "nine changes" are, I think, beyond question, nine *lunar months*, though some explain it nine *weeks*. But I doubt whether the *quarterings* of the Moon were called changes. And if the time had been but nine *weeks*, it is not likely that Leontes would speak, as he afterwards does, touching Perdita.

And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one we-thank-you many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile,
And pay them when you part.[2]

Polix. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I'm question'd by my fear of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence: may there blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly![3] Besides, I've stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Polix. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Polix. Very sooth,[4] to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's, then: and in that
I'll no gainsaying.

Polix. Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

[2] *Part* for *depart*. The two were used interchangeably.

[3] That is, "this fear of mine has too much cause"; this presage is too true. — *Sneaping* is *biting* or *nipping*.

[4] *Very sooth* is *in real truth*. Both words are often used thus, especially the latter. And so *soothsayer* originally meant *truth-speaker*.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our Queen? speak you.
Herm. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well; this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.[5]
Leon. Well said, Hermione.
Herm. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs. —
[*To* POLIX.] Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give you my commission
To let him there a month behind the gest[6]
Prefix'd for's parting: — yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady e'er her lord.[7] — You'll stay?
Polix. No, madam.
Herm. Nay, but you will?
Polix. I may not, verily.
Herm. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek t' unsphere the stars with oaths,

[5] To *ward* is to *guard;* and the substantive was often used for *place* or *posture of defence.* See page 37, note 100.

[6] To *let* had for its synonymes to *stay* or *stop;* to *let* him there is to *stay* him there. *Gests* were scrolls in which were marked the stages or places of rest in a progress or journey, especially a royal one.

[7] "A *jar* o' the clock" is a *tick* o' the clock; *jar* being at that time often used for *tick.* — *Behind* is here equivalent to *less than;* and "*what* lady *e'er*" means *whatever* lady. The language is elliptical; the full sense being, "not a jot less than *any* lady whatever loves her lord." We have a like expression in *Richard II.*, v. 3: "How heinous *e'er* it be."

Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily,
You shall not go: a lady's *verily* is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread *verily,*
One of them you shall be.

Polix. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.

Herm. Not your jailer, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?

Polix. We were, fair Queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Herm. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

Polix. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we changed[8]
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd Heaven
Boldly, *not guilty;* th' imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.[9]

[8] *Changed* for *exchanged* or *interchanged.* So in *Hamlet,* i. 2: "Sir, my good friend; I'll *change* that name with you."

[9] "Setting aside or striking off the stain of original sin which we have inherited." Referring of course to "Man's first disobedience."

Herm. By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.
Polix. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to's; for
In those unfledged days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young playfellow.
Herm. God's grace to boot![10]
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your Queen and I are devils: yet, go on;
Th' offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.
Leon. Is he won yet?
Herm. He'll stay, my lord.
Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dear'st, thou never spokest
To better purpose.
Herm. Never?
Leon. Never, but once.
Herm. What! have I twice said well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee tell me; cram's with praise, and make's
As fat as tame things: one good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre.[11] But to th' goal:

10 The proper meaning of *boot* is *help*, *profit*, or *advantage*. So in iii. 2: "It shall scarce *boot* me to say, *Not guilty*."

11 To "*heat* an acre" is doubtless the same as to *run* an acre; just as, in the language of the race-ground, a three-mile heat is a race of three miles. Mr. Joseph Crosby, in a letter to me, justly observes that "the accompanying words, 'to th' goal,' show that the metaphor is from the race-course." And he adds that "*heat* is not simply the distance run, but the sporting-term for the race itself; 'winning the heat,' 'running the heat,' &c."

My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to th' purpose: when?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbèd months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap [12] thyself my love: then didst thou utter,
I'm yours for ever.

Herm. It is Grace indeed. —
Why, lo you now, I've spoke to th' purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
Th' other for some while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to* POLIX.

Leon. [*Aside.*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I've *tremor cordis* on me, — my heart dances;
But not for joy, — not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty's fertile bosom,
And well become the agent; 't may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practised smiles,
As in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer; [13] O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows! — Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I' fecks!

[12] On entering into any contract, or plighting of troth, this clapping of hands together set the seal. So in the old play of *Ram Alley*: "Come, *clap hands*, a match." The custom is not yet disused in common life.

[13] The *mort* was a long note played on the horn at the death of the deer. *Mort* is the French word for *death*; from the Latin *mors*.

Why, that's my bawcock.[14] What, hast smutch'd thy nose?
They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd neat. — [*Observing* POLIXENES *and* HERMIONE.
Still virginalling [15]
Upon his palm? —How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,[16]
To be full like me. — [*Aside.*] Yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: but were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks,[17] as winds, as waters; false

14 A burlesque word of endearment supposed to be derived from *beau-coq*, or *boy-cock*. It occurs in *Twelfth Night*, and in *King Henry V.*, and in both places is coupled with *chuck* or *chick*. It is said that *bra' cock* is still used in Scotland. — *I'fecks* is probably a corruption of *in faith*.

15 Still playing with her fingers as a girl playing on the virginals. Virginals were stringed instruments played with keys like a spinnet, which they resembled in all respects but in shape, spinnets being nearly triangular, and virginals of an oblong square shape like a small piano-forte.

16 *Pash* is said to mean, in some places, a young bull-calf whose horns are just sprouting. According to Jamieson, it is a Scotch term for *head.* The sense of the text is, apparently, "To be altogether like me, thou must have the knobby forehead and the budding horns that I have." See vol. ii. page 47, note 11.

17 *O'er-dyed blacks* means old faded stuffs of whatever colour dyed black. Under the word *false* there is probably an allusion to those who practised mourning as a sort of art, and kept certain articles of dress for that purpose, such as hat-bands and gloves, which, being dyed over repeatedly, not only became rotten, but were also regarded as badges of a hypocritical or simulated sorrow. The text is well illustrated in Massinger's *Old Law*, ii. 1:

> I would not hear of blacks, I was so light,
> But chose a colour orient like my mind:
> For *blacks* are often such *dissembling mourners*,
> There is no credit given to't; it has lost

As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn [18] 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. — Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye: [19] sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop! [20] — Can thy dam? — may't be? —
Affection, thy intention stabs the centre! [21]
Thou dost make possible, things not so held;
Communicatest with dreams, — how can this be? —
With what's unreal thou coactive art,

All reputation by *false* sons and widows.
Now I would have men know what I resemble,
A truth, indeed; 'tis joy clad like a joy;
Which is more honest than a cunning grief,
That's only faced with sables for a show,
But gaudy-hearted.

18 That is, makes no distinction. *Bourn* is *limit* or *boundary;* as in Hamlet's soliloquy: "The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn no traveller returns."

19 *Welkin* is *blue*, the colour of the welkin or sky.

20 This use of *collop* is well explained in one of Heywood's *Epigrams*, 1566: "For I have heard saie it is a deere *collup* that is cut out of thy owne flesh." Shakespeare has it again in *1 King Henry VI.*, v. 4: "God knows thou art a *collop* of my flesh." The sense of the word is now expressed in the phrase, "a chip of the old block."

21 After a great deal of thought spent upon this line, I have tied up in the following: *Affection* here means what the old moralists called *carnal concupiscence*, or, in a word, *lust*. So in *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 2: "What nearer debt in all humanity than wife is to the husband? if this law of Nature be *corrupted through affection*," &c. — *Intention* is *intenseness*, *energy*, *pervasive force*. — *Centre* is the Earth, which was held to be literally the centre of the visible Universe. And so I understand Leontes to mean that the potency of sexual desire is universal; that it penetrates everywhere, and pervades the whole world. A little further on, he describes the same thing under an astrological allusion: "It is a *bawdy planet*, that will strike where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it, from east, west, north, and south." Here he likens the potency of sensual passion to that of the planets, which, as astrology taught, would needs strike, that is, *infect*, or *work in*, those born subject to their influence. Such planetary predominance was supposed to be irresistible, and to take effect with the sureness of fate.

And fellow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent[22]
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,
And that beyond commission, (as I find it,)
Ay, even to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.[23]

Polix. What means Sicilia?

Herm. He something seems unsettled.

Polix. Ho, my lord!
What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Herm. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you not moved, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,

[22] *Credent* for *credible;* an instance of the active form with the passive sense. See vol. vi. page 220, note 4.

[23] A very obscure passage, and hard to explain; naturally made so, from the Saint-Vitus dance of agitation into which Leontes here works himself, and from a kind of self-shame instinctively prompting him to obscure or disguise his thoughts while giving vent to them. The best I can do with it is something as follows: After referring to the potency of sexual desire as explained in note 21, Leontes proceeds to descant on sundry workings of that potency: it achieves things that are deemed impossible; gives life to dreams; shapes imaginations; cooperates with unrealities; has commerce with things that are not; and is so like a planetary influence, that even what passes for angelic purity may not be proof against it. If it can do all these wonders, then he concludes that, in the person of his wife, it can certainly fellowship an actual object, and conspire with the answering motions of another person; and if this can be, then it is, and he is sure of it; and the *fact* is so working in his head as to cause a sprouting of horns. See Critical Notes.

As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash,[24] this gentleman. — Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?[25]

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be's dole![26] — My brother,
Are you so fond of your young Prince as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Polix. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a Júly's day short as December's;
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Officed with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. — Hermione,
How thou lovest us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself and my young rover, he's
Apparent[27] to my heart.

Herm. If you would seek us,
We're yours i' the garden: shall's attend you there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky. — [*Aside.*] I'm angling now,

[24] *Squash* is an immature pea-pod. In *Twelfth Night*, we have, "As a *squash* before it is a peascod."

[25] A proverbial phrase for putting up with an affront or insult. The Prince evidently so understands it. It was sometimes used for any cowardly conduct.

[26] A common phrase in old writers, meaning "May happiness be his lot or portion!" See vol. ii. page 157, note 20.

[27] That is, heir-apparent, next claimant, or nearest kin.

Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to! [*Observing* POLIXENES *and* HERMIONE.
How she holds up the neb,[28] the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing[29] husband! —
[*Exeunt* POLIX., HERM., *and* Attend.
Gone already!
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one![30] —
Go, play, boy, play: — thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. — Go, play, boy, play. — There have been,
Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is — even at this present,
Now while I speak this — holds his wife by th' arm,
That little thinks she has been sluiced in's absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour. Nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will: should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for it there's none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know't;
It will let in and out the enemy
With bag and baggage: many thousand on's
Have the disease, and feel't not. — How now, boy!

[28] *Neb* is *beak, bill,* or *nose.* So "meeting *noses,*" later in this scene.

[29] *Allowing* is *approving.* Such is often the meaning of to *allow* in old writers. See vol. vi. page 46, note 19.

[30] "A *fork'd* one" is one having his brow forked with horns. Allusions to this occur *ad nauseam.* See page 147, note 16.

Mam. I am like you, they say.
Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—
What, Camillo there?
Cam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon. Go, play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.—
[*Exit* MAMILLIUS.
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.
Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.
Leon. Didst note it?
Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.
Leon. Didst perceive it?—
[*Aside.*] They're here with me already;[31] whispering, rounding,
Sicilia is a—so-forth: 'tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last.[32]—How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?
Cam. At the good Queen's entreaty.
Leon. At the Queen's be't: *good* should be pertinent;
But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit[33] is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks: not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes[34]

[31] "They are already *aware of my dishonour*"; *they* referring not to Polixenes and Hermione, but to the people about the Court.—*Rounding* is much the same as *muttering.* To *round* one in the ear, was a common phrase.

[32] "The knowledge of my disgrace has spread far and wide, since I am the last to find it out." *Gust* for *taste;* as in *disgust.*

[33] *Conceit* was always used in a good sense, and with reference to the faculties of thought generally: *judgment, understanding,* &c.

[34] *Messes* is here put for *degrees, conditions.* The company at great tables were divided according to their rank into higher and lower messes.

Perchance are to this business purblind? say.
Cam. Business, my lord! I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.
Leon. Ha!
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leon. Ay, but why?
Cam. To satisfy your Highness, and th' entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.
Leon. Satisfy
Th' entreaties of your mistress! — satisfy!
Let that suffice. I've trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the near'st things to my heart,[35] as well
My chamber-councils; wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleansed my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived
In that which seems so.
Cam. Be't forbid, my lord!
Leon. To bide upon't,[36] thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes[37] honesty behind, restraining
From course required; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool

Sometimes the *messes* were served at different tables, and seem to have been arranged in *fours*, whence the word came to express *four* in vulgar speech. — Of course Leontes in his self-delusion is mightily puffed up with a conceit of his own superior insight and sagacity.

[35] "The things nearest to my heart." Such transpositions are frequent. — In what follows, *as well* has the force of *as well as*. Often so. "Chamber counsels" are official consultations held in the King's Council-chamber.

[36] This phrase means "it is my fixed opinion." So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and no King*, iv. 3: "Captain, thou art a valiant gentleman; *to bide upon't*, a very valiant man."

[37] To *hox* is to *hamstring*. The proper form of the word is *hough*.

That see'st a game play'd home,[38] the rich stake drawn,
And takest it all for jest.
Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance,[39] 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your Grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.
Leon. Ha' not you seen, Camillo, —
But that's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker that a cuckold's horn; or heard, —
For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute; or thought, — for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think't, —

38 *Home*, adverb, is *to the utmost, thoroughly*, or *to the quick*. So we have "strike her *home*," "pay us *home*," "satisfy me *home*," and many others. See vol. vi. page 217, note 9.

39 An obscure passage, but probably meaning, "the non-performance of which was matter of regret or blame afterwards, when the reasons for doing it became evident." So the event often proves that it were better to have done things that were left undone. In that case, the advantage of having gone ahead may be said to reprove the holding back.

My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess, —
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, — then say
My wife's a hobby-horse;[40] deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts-to
Before her troth-plight:[41] say't, and justify't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,[42]
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.[43]

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? — a note infallible
Of breaking honesty; — horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes else
Blind with the pin-and-web,[44] but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that's in't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured

[40] *Hobby-horse* was applied in contempt to frivolous or licentious persons of either sex.

[41] Before her *marriage*, in which the plighting of the troth, or the pledge of fidelity, is an essential part.

[42] "*Beshrew* me" was a common imprecation; equivalent to *confound* me, or *plague take* me.

[43] "To reiterate your accusation of the Queen were as deep a sin as that you charge her with, even though she be guilty of it."

[44] The *pin-and-web* is the *cataract* in an early stage.

Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.
Leon. Say it be, 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my lord.
Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer,[45] that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.
Cam. Who does infect her?
Leon. Why, he that wears her like a medal hanging
About his neck, Bohemia; who, — if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, — they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cupbearer, — whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd,[46] and rear'd to worship; who mayst see
Plainly, as Heaven sees Earth, and Earth sees Heaven,
How I am gall'd, — thou mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.
Cam. Sir, my lord,

[45] A *hovering temporizer* is a *waverer*, or, in our language, a *waiter* upon Providence; one who sits astride the fence, watching the chances, or the setting of the current, and at last takes the side where "thrift may follow fawning."

[46] *Meaner form* is *lower seat, place*, or *rank;* and the meaning is "whom I have raised from a lower bench to a higher." So classes in schools were numbered according to the *forms*, or benches, whereon they sat. The Poet has *forms* repeatedly so.

I could do this, and that with no rash[47] potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.[48]
I have loved thee, —

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
T' appoint myself in this vexation; sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets, —
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;
Give scandal to the blood o' the Prince my son, —
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine, —
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?[49]

Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't;
Provided that, when he's removed, your Highness
Will take again your Queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in Courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,

[47] *Rash* here means *swift* or *sudden;* the idea being of a poison that acts so slowly as to be unperceived and unsuspected.

[48] The meaning probably is, "*she* being so *supremely* honourable"; or, it may be, "she being so perfect in *queenly honour.*" — In the next speech, when Leontes says "Make that thy question," he evidently refers to Hermione's alleged disloyalty, the *crack* which Camillo cannot admit.

[49] To *blench* is to *start aside*, to *fly off*, or to *shrink;* and the meaning is, "Could any man so start or fly off from propriety of behaviour?"

Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your Queen. I am his cupbearer:
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me.
[*Exit.*

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but, since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the Court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter POLIXENES.

Polix. This is strange: methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Polix. What is the news i' the Court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Polix. The King hath on him such a countenance

As he had lost some province, and a region
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me to consider. What is breeding,
That changes thus his manners?

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Polix. How! dare not!—do not? Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;[50]
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine changed too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with't.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Polix. How! caught of me!
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:[51]
I've look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,

[50] "Such, or something such, is the true interpretation of your language." —"Be intelligent" here means *give intelligence.*

[51] Shakespeare has many allusions to this old fabulous serpent, which was said to have the power of killing by its look, or of darting deadly venom from its eyes. *Cockatrice* was another name of the beast. See vol. v. page 207, note 15.

In whose success we're gentle,[52] — I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Polix. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo?
I cónjure[53] thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge, — whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,[54] — that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charged in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: therefore mark my counsel,
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry *lost*, and so good night!

Polix. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him[55] to murder you.

[52] "In whose *succession*, or by succession *from whom*, we are *well-born*, or inherit our nobility of rank." So both *success* and *gentle* were often used; the latter being opposed to *simple*, or *low-born*. — *Clerk-like* is *learned* or *scholarly; scholar* being the proper meaning of *clerk*.

[53] In Shakespeare's time, *conjure*, in the sense of *earnestly request*, was pronounced with the accent on the first or the second syllable, indifferently; the two ways of pronunciation not having become appropriated to the different senses of the word.

[54] Some obscurity again. *Whereof* refers to *parts; parts* means *duties, claims*, or *rights;* and the order of the words according to the sense is, "whereof this suit of mine is not the least"; that is, not the least of all the claims of man which honour does acknowledge. — *Incidency* is *contingency* or *likelihood;* what is likely to happen or befall.

[55] Am appointed *the one*, or *the man*, apparently.

Polix. By whom, Camillo?
Cam. By the King.
Polix. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice [56] you to't, that you have touch'd his Queen
Forbiddenly.
Polix. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yoked with his [57] that did betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!
Cam. Swear this thought over
By each particular star in heaven and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the Moon,
As or by oath remove, or counsel shake,
The fabric of his folly; whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

[56] *Vice* is commonly explained as meaning to *force;* the word being used of any engine worked by a screw. This explanation is certainly countenanced by a passage in *Twelfth Night*, v. 1: "Since you to non-regardance cast my faith, and that I partly know the *instrument* that *screws* me from my true place in your favour," &c. Another explanation may be, that *vice* is here used in the sense of to *tempt*, to *corrupt*, to *vitiate*. Mr. Joseph Crosby thinks it may be "that the Poet here purposely employed the word *vice* as possessing a double propriety, implying not only 'as though he had been an instrument to urge you to it,' but 'had been a *vicious* instrument, viciously to screw you up, or impel you along, to the commission of this crime.'"

[57] Judas. A clause in the sentence of excommunicated persons was, "let them have part with Judas that betrayed Christ."

Polix. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not: but I'm sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.
If, therefore, you dare trust my honesty, —
That lies enclosèd in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, — away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city: for myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by th' King's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.
Polix. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand:
Be pilot to me, and thy places [58] shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence-departure
Two days ago. This jealousy of his
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and nothing
The gracious Queen, Part of his theme, discomfort
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! [59] Come, Camillo;

[58] *Places* clearly means *offices* or *honours*. Polixenes means that Camillo shall be placed near him, or in the highest offices under him.

[59] The meaning seems to be, "May a speedy departure befriend me, and

I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: please your Highness
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* Ladies.

Herm. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.
1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?
Mam. No, I'll none of you.
1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord?
Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still.—I love you better.
2 Lady. And why so, my lord?
Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

nowise discomfort the Queen in respect of his groundless suspicion!" Polixenes is apprehensive, as he well may be, that his flight will confirm the jealousy of Leontes, and so add to the sufferings of the Queen. And such is indeed the effect of the "good expedition" that rescues him from danger. Shakespeare often uses *nothing* simply as a strong negative, equivalent to *nowise* or *not at all.* He also repeatedly uses *of* with the force of *in respect of.* See Critical Notes.

2 Lady. Who taught ye this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces. — Pray now
What colour are your eyebrows?

1 Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

1 Lady. Hark ye;
The Queen your mother rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk; good time encounter her!

Herm. What wisdom stirs amongst you? — Come, sir, now
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry or sad shall't be?

Herm. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for Winter: I have one
Of sprites and goblins.

Herm. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man, —

Herm. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. — Dwelt by a churchyard: — I will tell it softly;
Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Herm. Come on, then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and* Guards.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

1 Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them

Even to their ships.
Leon. How blest am I
In my just censure,[1] in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge![2] how accursed
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider[3] steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but, if one present
Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts:[4] I've drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander:
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that I mistrusted: that false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing;[5] yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. — How came the posterns
So easily open?
1 Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.
Leon. I know't too well. —
Give me the boy: I'm glad you did not nurse him:

[1] *Censure* is *judgment* in old language. This use of the word is well instanced in Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, i. 2: "Should I say more, you well might *censure* me a flatterer."

[2] "O that my knowledge were less!"

[3] Spiders were commonly thought poisonous in Shakespeare's time; a belief not altogether extinct even now.

[4] *Hefts* is *heavings*; the strainings of nausea. — *Gorge* is *throat* or *gullet*. So in *Hamlet*, v. 1: "And now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my *gorge* rises at it."

[5] *Pinch'd thing* probably signifies a *puppet;* puppets being moved or played by pinching them. Leontes means that others are making game of him, and sporting themselves in his dishonour.

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Herm. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;
Away with him! [*Exit* MAMILLIUS *with some of the* Guards.
and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; — for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Herm. But I'd say he had not,
And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to th' nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, *She is a goodly lady,* and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity she's not honest-honourable:
Praise her but for this her without-door form, —
Which, on my faith, deserves high speech, — and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha, — these petty brands
That calumny doth use; — O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will sear [6]
Virtue itself; — these shrugs, these hums and ha's,
When you have said *she's goodly,* come between,
Ere you can say *she's honest:* but be't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adultress.

Herm. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,

[6] *Sear* has the sense of *brands,* second line before. The image is of burning marks upon the person with a hot iron.

Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar! — I have said
She's an adultress; I have said with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A fedary[7] with her; and one that knows,
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal,[8] that she
Is a bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Herm. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly[9] then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No, no; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre[10] is not big enough to bear
A schoolboy's top. — Away with her to prison!
He who shall speak for her's afar off guilty

[7] *Fedary* for *confederate*, *partner*, or *accomplice*. Repeatedly so. See vol. vi. page 176, note 12.

[8] One that knows what she would be ashamed to know herself, even if the knowledge of it were shared *but with* her paramour.

[9] *Throughly* and *thoroughly* are but different forms of the same word. To be thorough in a thing, or to do a thing thoroughly, is to *go through* it.— *To say* is here an instance of the infinitive used gerundively, and so is equivalent to *by saying*.

[10] *Centre* here is the *Earth*, which the old astronomy regarded as literally the centre of the solar system. The Copernican astronomy was not received in England till many years later. See page 148, note 21.

But that he speaks.[11]
Herm. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient till the Heavens look
With an aspéct more favourable. — Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall[12] dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodged here which burns
Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; — and so
The King's will be perform'd!
Leon. [*To the* Guards.] Shall I be heard?
Herm. Who is't that goes with me? — Beseech your Highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. — Do not weep, good fools;[13]
There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress
Has deserved prison, then abound in tears
As I come out: this action I now go on
Is for my better grace. — Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall. — My women, come; you have leave.
Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence!
[*Exeunt* Queen *and* Ladies, *with* Guards.
1 Lord. Beseech your Highness, call the Queen again.
Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice

[11] The mere act of speaking in her behalf makes the speaker remotely guilty of her crime.

[12] *Shall* where we should use *will;* the two being often used indiscriminately in the Poet's time. Repeatedly so in this play.

[13] *Fool* was much used as a term of loving, or playful, familiarity. So, in *King Lear*, v. 3, the old King says of his Cordelia, when he brings her in dead, "And my poor *fool* is hang'd."

Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your Queen, your son.

1 Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you t' accept it, that the Queen is spotless
I' the eyes of Heaven and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stable where
I lodge my wife;[14] I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel and see her no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.[15]

[14] The meaning of this passage has been much disputed. The Poet often uses to *keep* for to *guard*, to *watch;* and such is no doubt the meaning here. Dr. Ingleby, in his *Shakespeare Hermeneutics*, says, and, I think, shows, that *keeping one's stable* was a familiar phrase in the Poet's time, meaning to keep personal watch over the fidelity of one's wife or one's mistress. He aptly quotes from *Much Ado*, iii. 4: "Then, if your husband have *stables* enough, you'll look he shall lack no *barns*"; whereupon he remarks as follows: "Of course there is a pun on *barns;* and there is a like pun on *stables*, which like *barns* had two meanings. When we know that *stables* was the condition precedent to *barns*, we have already pretty nearly determined its cant meaning. But a man's stable may be kept by his wife, by himself, or by a third party: by the wife, if she be chaste; by the husband, if he be suspicious; by a third party, if she be unchaste and her husband be absent." Then, as an instance of the first, he quotes from Chapman's *All Fools*, iv. 2: "But, for your wife that *keeps the stable* of your honour, let her be lockt in a brazen towre, let Argus himselfe keepe her, yet can you never bee secure of your honour." Of course Dr. Ingleby regards the passage in the text as an instance of the second. It is hardly needful to remark how well this explanation accords with the context. For so the meaning comes thus: "I will trust my wife no further than I can see her; will myself, in my own person, keep watch and ward over her virtue, and not confide her to any other guardianship." See Critical Notes.

[15] *Peaces* where we should say *peace*. This use of the plural, when speaking to or of more than one person, was common in Shakespeare's

1 Lord. Good my lord,—
Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abused, and by some putter-on,[16]
That will be damn'd for it; would I knew the villain,
I would lant-dam him.[17] Be she honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second and the third, nine and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they're co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself then they
Should not produce fair issue.
Leon. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see't and feel't,
As you feel doing this, and see withal [*Grasping his arm.*
The instruments that you feel.[18]
Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty:
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy Earth.
Leon. What! lack I credit?
1 Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion,
Be blamed for't how you might.

time. So near the opening of this play: "We will be justified in our *loves.*" And a little before in this scene: "Perchance shall dry your *pities.*"

16 A *putter-on*, as the word is here used, is an *instigator*. So the Poet repeatedly has to *put on* for to *incite*, to *instigate*, or to *set on*.—Here, as often, *abused* is *cheated*, *deceived*, or *practised upon*.

17 Punishment by *lant-damming* would involve a peculiar sort of mutilation, and cause a slow and dreadful death. See Critical Notes.

18 "I see and feel my disgrace, as you now feel my doing this *to you*, and *as you now see* the instruments that you feel;" that is, *my fingers*.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but [19] rather follow
Our forceful instigation? [20] Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which if you — or stupefied,
Or seeming so in skill [21] — cannot or will not
Relish as truth, like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I do wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.[22]

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity, —
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,[23]

[19] Shakespeare has divers instances of *but* so used as to be hardly reducible under any general rules: often in the adversative sense, often in the exceptive; and often with various shades of meaning lying between these two, and partaking, more or less, of them both. Here it seems to have the force of *and not.* Perhaps the instance nearest to this is in *Richard III.*, ii. 1: "Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate upon your Grace, *but* with all duteous love doth cherish you and yours, God punish me with hate in those where I expect most love." Here the meaning seems to be "*and doth not* cherish." Sometimes, however, *but* seems to have the force of *instead of.* So, in the passage just quoted, the sense may well be *instead of cherishing*, &c. And so in the text, "*instead of following* rather," &c. A like use of the word occurs in *Cymbeline*, iii. 6: "Were you a woman, I should woo hard *but* be your groom;" that is, "*rather than not* be your groom," or "rather than be any thing *except* your groom."

[20] *Instigation* is here to be taken in a good sense: "the strong prompting of our own judgment or understanding."

[21] *Skill* in the sense of *art*, *craft*, or *cunning*.

[22] *Overture* is *disclosure*, or *publishment.* So in *King Lear*, iii. 7: "It was he that made the *overture* of thy treasons to us."

[23] To *touch* sometimes means to *stir*, to *move*, to *rouse.* So in *King*

That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to th' deed, — doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation, —
For in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild, — I have dispatch'd in post[24]
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency:[25] now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me on. Have I done well?

1 Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to th' minds of others;[26] such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th' truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confined,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

Lear, ii. 4: "*Touch* me with noble anger." — *Approbation*, in the next line, is *proof* or *attestation*. Repeatedly so.

24 *In post* is in *haste;* with the speed of a postman.

25 That is, of *full*, *ample*, or *complete ability*. See vol. iv. p. 157, note 8.

26 Observe, Leontes consults the oracle only for convincing others, not for correcting himself. And so, of course, he quarrels with the answer as soon as he finds it against him: if the god agree with him in opinion, all right; if not, then he is no god.

SCENE II. — *The Same. The outer Room of a Prison.*

Enter PAULINA *and* Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am. — [*Exit an* Attendant.
Good lady!
No Court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou, then, in prison? —

Re-enter Attendant, *with the* Jailer.

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not?
Jail. For a worthy lady,
And one who much I honour.
Paul. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the Queen.
Jail. I may not, madam: to the contrary
I have express commandment.
Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
Th' access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?
Jail. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.
Paul. I pray now call her. —
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt* Attend.
Jail. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.
Paul. Well, be't so, pr'ythee. — [*Exit* Jailer.
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,

As passes colouring.[1] —

Re-enter Jailer, *with* EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?
Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together:[2] on her frights and griefs, —
Which never tender lady hath borne greater, —
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the Queen receives
Much comfort in't; says, *My poor prisoner,*
I'm innocent as you.
Paul. I dare be sworn:
These dangerous unsafe lunes[3] i' the King, beshrew them!
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the Queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the King, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loud'st. We do not know

[1] As *defies palliation.* To *pass* is, in one sense, to *outstrip*, to *go beyond*, to *surpass.* To *colour* often means to *palliate*, to *disguise*, to *make specious.*

[2] An odd expression, but probably meaning "As well as is *consistent* with the state of one so high-minded and so desolate"; or of one so high-placed and cast down so low. To *hold together*, to *stand together*, is to *be consistent*, and so to *be possible.*

[3] *Lunes*, I believe, is not met with in any other English writer; but is used in old French for *fits of lunacy* and *mad freaks.* It occurs again in *The Merry Wives*, iv. 2: "Why, woman, your husband is in his old *lunes* again." Also in *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 3: "Yea, watch his pettish *lunes*, his ebbs, his flows," &c.

How he may soften at the sight o' the child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there's no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the Queen of your most noble offer;
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from't,
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you bless'd for it!
I'll to the Queen: please you, come something nearer.

Jail. Madam, if 't please the Queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb, and is,
By law and process of great Nature, thence
Freed and enfranchised; not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the Queen.

Jail. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand 'twixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Leon. Nor night nor day no rest: it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus, mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being, — part o' the cause,
She the adultress; for the harlot King
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain,[1] plot-proof; — but she
I can hook to me,[2] say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. — Who's there?

1 Atten. [*Advancing.*] My lord.

Leon. How does the boy?

1 Atten. He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.

Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. — Leave me solely; go,
See how he fares. [*Exit* 1 Attend.] — Fie, fie! no thought of him;[3]

[1] *Blank* is the white spot in the centre of the target; and *level* is *aim, direction,* or *reach.* The language of archery or gunnery.

[2] That is, "she *whom* I have within my grasp or reach." Such ellipses of pronouns are very frequent. — *Moiety,* next line, properly means *half,* but was used for *part* or *portion* generally.

[3] *Him* refers to Polixenes. — The Poet's art is wisely apparent in representing Leontes's mind as all disordered by jealousy into jerks and spasms. Collier informs us that Coleridge, in his lectures in 1815, "called this an admirable instance of propriety in soliloquy, where the mind leaps from one object to another, without any apparent interval."

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a* Child.

1 Lord. You must not enter.
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the Queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free [4] than he is jealous.
Ant. That's enough.
2 Atten. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.
Paul. Not so hot, good sir:
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you, —
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, — such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come, with words as med'cinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.
Leon. What noise there, ho?
Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips [5] for your Highness.

[4] In old language *free* often occurs in the sense of *chaste, pure.* So in *Measure for Measure*, i. 2.: "Whether thou art *tainted* or *free*."

[5] *Gossip* is an old word for *sponsor*, or *God-parent*; from *God* and *sib*, the latter meaning *kin*. A christening used to be a time for social jollity and good cheer; hence grew the present meaning of the word.

Leon. How!
Away with that audacious lady! — Antigonus,
I charged thee that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this, —
Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honour, — trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now, you hear:
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come, —
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,[6]
Than such as most seem yours; — I say, I come
From your good Queen!

Leon. Good Queen!

Paul. Good Queen, my lord, good Queen; I say good Queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst [7] about you.

[6] The old meaning of to *comfort* is to *encourage*, *fortify*, or *make strong*. So in the *Litany*: "That it may please Thee to *comfort* and help the weak-hearted." And such is the right sense of *Comforter* as the English equivalent of *Paraclete*. In *Ephesians*, vi. 10, Wickliffe translates "be *coumfortid* in the Lord"; where our version has it, "be *strong* in the Lord." — *Evils*, in the text, means *wicked courses*.

[7] *Worst* here is *weakest*, *most unwarlike*. And so, in *King Kenry V.*, iii. 1, we have *best* used for *bravest*: "For Nym, he hath heard that men

Leon. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off;
But first I'll do my errand. — The good Queen —
For she is good — hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.
[*Laying down the* Child.
Leon. Out!
A mankind[8] witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me; and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard. —
[*To* ANTIG.] Thou dotard, thou art woman-tired,[9] unroosted
By thy Dame Partlet here: take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.[10]
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Takest up the princess by that forcèd baseness
Which he has put upon't!
Leon. He dreads his wife.

of the fewest words are the *best* men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a *coward*." — "*Make* her good" is *maintain* her to be good.

[8] *Mankind* was sometimes used for *masculine*. In *Junius' Nomenclator*, by Abraham Fleming, 1585, *Virago* is interpreted "A manly woman, or a *mankind* woman."

[9] *Henpecked.* To *tire* in falconry is to *tear* with the beak. *Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old story of *Reynard the Fox*. The term seems to have been proverbial for the wife of a *henpecked* husband.

[10] A *crone* was originally a toothless *old ewe;* and thence became a term of contempt for an *old woman.*

Paul. So I would you did; then 'twere past all doubt
You'd call your children yours.
Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I'm none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that's here, and that's himself; for he
The sacred honour of himself, his Queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not —
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't — once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.
Leon. A callet [11]
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits [12] me! — This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire!
Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. — Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip;
The trick of's frown; his forehead; nay, the valleys,
The pretty dimples of's chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger. —
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it

[11] *Callet* is an old term of reproach applied to women. Skinner derives it from the French *calotte*, "a coife or half kerchief for a woman; also a little light cap or night-cap, worn under a hat." — "A trull, a drab, a jade," says Dyce.

[12] To *bait* is to *bark at*, *worry*, or *harass*; especially as in *bear-baiting*. So in *Macbeth*, v. 8: "And to be *baited* with the rabble's curse."

So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow[13] in't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag! —
And, losel,[14] thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll ha' thee burn'd.

Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your Queen —
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinged fancy — something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone. —
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better-guiding spirit! [15] — What need these hands?

[13] *Yellow* was the colour of jealousy.

[14] "A *lozel*," says Verstegan in his *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, "is one that hath *lost*, neglected, or cast off his own good and welfare, and so is become lewd, and careless of credit and honesty." From the Anglo-Saxon *losian*, to lose. *Lorel* and *losel* are other forms of the same.

[15] Meaning, apparently, "a spirit who will guide her better, or take bet-

You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so : — farewell ; we're gone. [*Exit.*

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this. —
My child? away with't ! — even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consumed with fire ;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight :
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
And by good testimony ; or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so ;
The bastard's brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire ;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir :
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

1 Lord. We can : — my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You're liars all.

1 Lord. Beseech your Highness, give us better credit :
We've always truly served you ; and beseech you
So to esteem of us : and on our knees we beg, —
As recompense of our dear services
Past and to come, — that you do change this purpose ;
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue : we all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows.
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now

ter care of her, than you whose daughter she is"; for *her*, I take it, must refer to *babe*.

Than curse it then. But be it; let it live: —
It shall not neither. — [*To* ANTIGO.] You, sir, come you hither;
You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life, — for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as thy beard's gray, — what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose; at least, thus much:
I'll pawn the little blood that I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it; see'st thou? for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place [16]

[16] "*Commend* it *strangely* to some place" means *commit* it to some *strange*, that is, *foreign*, place. Leontes maintains the child to be the offspring of a *foreigner*. The Poet has many such peculiarities, not to say loosenesses, of language. — *Commend* for *commit* occurs repeatedly. So in iii. 2, of this play: "To the certain hazard of all incertainties himself *commended*."

Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.
Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful. — Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity. — Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! — and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit with the* Child.
Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.
2 Atten. Please your Highness, posts
From those you sent to th' oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to th' Court.
1 Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.
Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *Sicilia. A Street in some Town.*

Enter CLEOMENES, DION, *and an* Attendant.

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertle the isle;[1] the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits —
Methinks I so should term them — and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!
Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense,
That I was nothing.
Dion. If th' event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the Queen, — O, be't so! —
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.[2]
Cleo. Great Apollo
Turn all to th' best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

[1] So in Greene's novel: "That it would please his majestie to send sixe of his noblemen whome he best trusted to the *Isle of Delphos*, there to enquire of the oracle of Apollo." The Poet probably knew that Delphi was a *town*, and not an *island*.

[2] "The event of our journey will recompense us for the time we spent in it." So in Florio's Montaigne, 1603: "The common saying is, the *time* we live is worth the *money* we pay for it."

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle —
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up —
Shall the contént̂s discover, sòmething rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. — [*To* Attendant.] Go,—
fresh horses: —
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Same. A Court of Justice.*

LEONTES, Lords, *and* Officers, *discovered.*

Leon. This session — to our great grief, we pronounce —
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried,
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much beloved. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even[1] to th' guilt or the purgation. —
Produce the prisoner.

1 Offi. It is his Highness' pleasure that the Queen
Appear in person here in court.

Crier. Silence!

HERMIONE *is brought in guarded;* PAULINA *and* Ladies *attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.

1 Offi. [Reads.] *Hermione, Queen to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, King of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the King, thy royal husband: the pre-*

[1] *Even* in the sense of *equally* or *indifferently.*

tence[2] whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Herm. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say, *Not guilty:* mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus: If Powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. — You, my lord, best know —
Who least will seem to do so — my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised
And play'd to take spectators: for, behold me, —
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe [3]
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, — here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: [4] for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine;
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes

[2] Shakespeare often uses *pretence* for *design* or *intention*. The usage was common. See vol. i. page 202, note 4.

[3] *Owe* and *own* are but different forms of the same word.

[4] "I prize my life no more than I value grief, which I would willingly be rid of, or free from."

Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd,[5] t' appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry *Fie* upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.[6]

Herm. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Herm. More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes, —
With whom I am accused, — I do confess

[5] *Encounter* was formerly used for any sort of meeting or intercourse; and *uncurrent* must here be taken in the sense of *unlawful* or *unallowable;* that which has not the stamp of moral currency. — *Strain'd*, if it be the right word, is no doubt used here in the same sense as the substantive *strain* in *The Merry Wives*, ii. 1: "Unless he know some *strain* in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury." Also in iii. 3: "I would all of the same *strain* were in the same distress." Here *strain* evidently means some native streak, vicious trait, or inborn aptness to evil. So that the meaning in the text apparently is, "I appeal to your own conscience to specify by what improper act of intimacy, since he came, I have so far evinced an innate streak of evil, as to seem guilty of the sin you charge me with." — For this explanation I am mainly indebted to Mr. Joseph Crosby. See Critical Notes.

[6] The sense is somewhat entangled here; the construction being such as to leave it uncertain whether *less* is an adverb qualifying *wanted* or an adjective qualifying *impudence*. But *less* is doubtless to be taken in the latter way; so that the meaning comes thus: "I never heard that those who had impudence enough to be guilty of these bolder vices wanted the less impudence necessary for denying them."

I loved him, as in honour he required;
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your Court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know what
You've underta'en to do in's absence.

Herm. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level[7] of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams:
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it: as you were past all shame,—
Those of your fact are so,—so past all truth:
Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, left to itself,
No father owning it,—which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,—so thou
Shall feel our justice; in whose easiest passage[8]

[7] *Level*, again, as a term in gunnery for *range* or *line of aim*. The phrase, "I *levelled* at him," is still in use for "I *aimed* at him." See page 176, note 1.

[8] "Whose easiest passage" is whose *lightest sentence; whose* referring to *justice*. "Death is the mildest sentence that justice can pass upon you."

Look for no less than death.
Herm. Sir, spare your threats:
The bug[9] which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: my second joy
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I'm barr'd, like one infectious: my third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily,[10] is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit.[11] Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not: My life,
I prize it not a straw; but, for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law. — Your Honours all,

[9] The old meaning of *bug* survives in our *bugbear*. The word is Celtic, and properly signifies a ghost, goblin, or any thing that causes "terror by night." So, in Psalm xci. 5, Mathew's Bible, 1537, has "Thou shalt not be afraid for the *bug* by night." Here our authorized version reads "Thou shalt not be afraid for the *terror* by night."

[10] Ill-starred; born under an inauspicious planet.

[11] "Strength of *limit*" is explained by Mason "the *limited degree* of strength necessary for persons in my situation." I suspect, however, that *of* is merely equivalent here to *by*; as the prepositions *by*, *of*, and *with* were often used indiscriminately. This would make the sense to be, "before I have got strength *by seclusion*."

I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!

1 Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: — therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle. [*Exeunt certain* Officers.

Herm. The Emperor of Russia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, *with* CLEOMENES *and* DION.

1 Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by th' hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dared to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. }
Dion. } All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

1 Offi. [Reads.] *Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the King shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.*

Lords. Now blessèd be the great Apollo!

Herm. Praisèd!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

1 Offi. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The session shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter an Attendant *hastily.*

Atten. My lord the King, the King!
Leon. What is the business?
Atten. O sir, I shall be hated to report it!
The Prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the Queen's speed,[12] is gone.
Leon. How! gone?
Atten. Is dead.
Leon. Apollo's angry; and the Heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. — [HERMIONE *faints.*] How now there!
Paul. This news is mortal to the Queen: look down,
And see what death is doing.
Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover.
I have too much believed mine own suspicion:
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. —
[*Exeunt* PAUL. *and* Ladies, *with* HERM.
Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle! —
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my Queen; recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied

[12] *Conceit* is used by Shakespeare for nearly all the forms of mental action. Here it seems to have the sense of *apprehension*. So that the meaning is, "with fearful apprehension of how the Queen's *fortune would turn* at the trial."

My swift command, though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties [13] himself commended,
No richer than his honour.[14] How he glisters
Thorough [15] my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

1 Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels, racks, fires? what flaying, or what boiling
In lead or oil? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies, —
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine, — O, think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.

[13] So in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "To know the certainty of things to come, wherein there is nothing so *certain* as our continual *uncertainty*." Lettsom quotes divers other passages, showing that such phraseology was common in the Poet's time.

[14] Meaning, apparently, enriched with nothing, or carrying no riches with him, but his honour.

[15] *Throughly* for *thoroughly* has occurred in this play. Here we have *thorough* for *through*. So in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, ii. 1: "Over park, over pale, *thorough* flood, *thorough* fire."

That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,[16]
And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king: poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by; whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire[17] ere done't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whose honourable thoughts —
Thoughts high for one so tender — cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last, — O lords,
When I have said, cry *Woe!* — the Queen, the Queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

1 Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say she's dead; I'll swear't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods. — But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,

16 "Show thee, being a fool naturally, to have improved thy folly by inconstancy." A similar expression occurs in Phaer's Virgil: "When this the young men heard me speak, *of wild they waxèd wood.*" Also in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, i.: "He doubted the philosopher of a Stoic would turn to be a Cynic."

17 Though a devil would have shed tears of pity *from amidst* the flames sooner than done such an act.

Upon a barren mountain, and still Winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserved
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 Lord. Say no more:
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I'm sorry for't:
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas, I've show'd too much
The rashness of a woman! he is touch'd
To th' noble heart. — What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief; do not revive affliction:
At my petition, I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd,[18] that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your Queen, — lo, fool again!
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: take you your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto

[18] Meaning, apparently, "I beseech you, rather let me be punished as *at my own request*"; that is, at her request, and not as by the sentence of the King. In her struggle of feelings, Paulina, noble soul! is not altogether correct and classical in her language.

Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
Unto these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Bohemia. A desert Country near the Sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS *with the* Child, *and a* Mariner.

Ant. Thou'rt perfect,[1] then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?
Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We've landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The Heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon's.
Ant. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.
Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.
Ant. Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.
Mar. I'm glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*
Ant. Come, poor babe:
I've heard, but not believed, the spirits o' the dead

[1] Shakespeare has *perfect* repeatedly in the sense of *certain* or *well assured*. So in *Cymbeline*, iii. 1: "I am *perfect* that the Pannonians and Dalmatians for their liberties are now in arms."

May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd and so o'er-running: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: *Good Antigonus,*
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia;
There wend, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,[2]
I pr'ythee, call't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more: and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:[3]
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squared by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. — Blossom, speed thee well!
[*Laying down the* Child, *with a scroll.*

[2] *Perdita* is a Latin word literally meaning *lost.*

[3] *Toys*, as the word is here used, are *trifles, fancies*, or things of no importance.

There lie; and there thy character:[4] there these;
[*Laying down a bundle.*
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine. The storm begins: poor wretch,[5]
[*Thunder.*
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus exposed
To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accursed am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!
The day frowns more and more: thou'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. — A savage clamour!
[*Noise of* hunters, *dogs, and bears within.*
Well may I get aboard! — This is the chase:
I'm gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between sixteen and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting. Hark you now! Would any but these boil'd brains[6] of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if anywhere I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browzing of ivy. — [*Seeing the* Child.] Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on's, a barn; a

[4] This *character* is the *description*, a written scroll, afterwards found with Perdita.

[5] *Wretch* was the strongest expression of tenderness or endearment in the language. Shakespeare has it repeatedly so.

[6] Love, madness, and melancholy are imaged by Shakespeare under the figure of *boil'd brains*, or *boiling brains*. Here the phrase means the same as our "mad-brained youth." See page 95, note 10.

very pretty barn! A god, or a child,[7] I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: sure, some 'scape:[8] though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the 'scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he halloo'd but even now.—Whoa, ho, hoa!

Clo. [*Within.*] Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither.

Enter the Clown.

What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up[9] the shore! but that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and then not to see 'em; now the ship boring the Moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then, for the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus,

7 The best comment on this is furnished by Greene's novel: "The Shepherd, who before had never seen so fair a babe nor so rich jewels, thought assuredly that it was some *little god*, and began with great devotion to knock on his breast. The babe, who writhed with the head to seek for the pap, began again to cry afresh, whereby the poor man knew it was *a child*."

8 *'Scape* here means a *secret lapse* or *transgression;* "an *escape* from the limits of rule, a trick, a wanton deviation," says Nares.

9 *Take up* appears to be used something in the sense of *devour;* as in *Hamlet*, iv. 2: "The ocean, overpeering of his list, *eats* not the flats with more impetuous haste," &c.

a nobleman. But, to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it:[10] but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mock'd them; and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not wink'd since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have help'd the nobleman!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship-side, to have help'd her: [*Aside.*] there your charity would have lack'd footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou mett'st with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth[11] for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see: it was told me I should be rich by the fairies; this is some changeling:[12] open't. What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man:[13] if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so; up with't, keep it close: home, home, the next way.[14] We are

[10] That is, swallowed it, as topers did *flap-dragons*, which were some inflammable substances set on fire, put afloat in the liquor, and gulped down blazing. See vol. ii. page 72, note 5.

[11] The mantle of fine cloth, in which a child was carried to be baptized.

[12] In the olden time the fairies had a naughty custom of stealing away fine, bright children, and leaving ugly or stupid ones in their stead. Both the child so stolen and the child so left were called *changelings*. Here the changeling is the child stolen. The old poets have many allusions to this sharp practice of the fairy nation. See vol. iii. page 23, note 5.

[13] To *make* a man is, in old language, to set him up in the world, or to endow him with wealth. See page 55, note 9.

[14] "The *next* way" is the *nearest* way. Often so.

lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst,[15] but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou mayst discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter TIME, *as* Chorus.

Time. I — that please some, try all; both joy and terror
Of good and bad; that make and unfold error —
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap;[1] since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass

[15] *Curst* here signifies *mischievous.* An old adage says, "*Curst* cows have short horns."

[1] Leave unexamined the progress of the time which filled up the gap in Perdita's story. The reasoning of Time is not very clear; he seems to mean, that he who overthrows every thing, and makes as well as overwhelms custom, may surely infringe the laws of his own making.

The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received: I witness'd to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving, —
Th' effects of his fond[2] jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself, — imagine me,[3]
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well
A mention'd son o' the King's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering:[4] what of her ensues,
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth: a shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th' argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never, yet that Time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

[2] Shakespeare continually uses *fond* in the sense of *foolish.*

[3] The order, according to the sense, appears to be something thus: "Imagine me leaving Leontes, *who* so *grieves* th' effects of his fond jealousies that he shuts up himself," &c.

[4] That is, grown so beautiful, or so far in beauty, as to be a proper object of wonder or admiration.

SCENE I. — *Bohemia. A Room in the Palace of* POLIXENES.

Enter POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is sixteen years since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now: the need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, — as too much I cannot, — to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled King, my brother; whose loss of his most precious Queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious,[1] than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the Prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have musingly noted,[2] he is of late much retired from Court, and

[1] *Gracious* here means in a state of *heavenly grace* or *favour*. So in ii. 3, of this play: "A gracious innocent soul, more free than he is jealous."

[2] To *muse* is old language for to *wonder*: so that to *note musingly* is to *observe* with wonder or surprise.

is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence; and I fear the angle[3] that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question[4] with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Road near the* Shepherd's *Cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,—
With, hey! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the Winter's pale.[1]

[3] *Angle* for the *bait*, or hook and line, that draws his son away, as an angler draws a fish. To *pluck* for to *pull* occurs frequently.

[4] Here, as often, *question* is *talk* or *conversation*.

[1] *Pale* is used here in a double sense, as referring to the *pale colours* of

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—
Doth set my pugging[2] *tooth on edge;*
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—
With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay,—
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,[3]
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile;[4] but now I am out of service:

[Sings.] *But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?*
The pale Moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,[5]
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks[6] *avouch it.*

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser

Winter, and as we still say "the *pale* of fashion," and "the *pale* of the Church." "English *pale*" and "Irish *pale*" were common expressions in the Poet's time. The meaning in the text is well explained by Heath: "For, though the Winter is not quite over, the red blood resumes its genial vigour. The first appearance of the daffodil in the fields is at the latter end of Winter, where it joins the Spring."

[2] A *puggard* was a cant name for some kind of thief. In *The Roaring Girl*, 1611, we have, "Cheaters, lifters, nips, foists, *puggards*." *Pugging* is used by Greene in one of his pieces.

[3] *Aunt* was sometimes used as a cant term for a loose woman.

[4] *Velvet* was valued according to the *pile*, three-pile being the richest.

[5] The wallet, or bag, made of swine-skin, in which tinkers carried their tools and materials.

[6] A common engine in which certain offenders were punished; being fastened by the ankles, and sitting with their legs in a horizontal position.

linen.[7] My father named me Autolycus; who being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly-cheat:[8] gallows and knock are too powerful on the highways; beating and hanging are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. — A prize! a prize!

Enter the Clown.

Clo. Let me see: Every 'leven wether tods;[9] every tod yields pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. [*Aside.*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.[10]

Clo. I cannot do't without counters. Let me see: what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currents;[11] rice, — what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers, — three-man song-men[12] all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means[13] and bases; but one Puritan amongst them, and he

[7] Autolycus means that his practice was to *steal* sheets, leaving the smaller linen to be carried away by the kites, who will sometimes carry it off to line their nests. The Autolycus of classic legend was the son of Mercury, and the maternal grandfather of Ulysses the Crafty. He lived on Mount Parnassus, and was famed for his cunning in robberies.

[8] The *silly-cheat* is one of the slang terms belonging to *coney-catching* or *thievery*. It is supposed to have meant *picking of pockets*.

[9] Every eleven sheep will produce a tod or twenty-eight pounds of wool. The price of a tod of wool was about 20*s*. or 22*s*. in 1581.

[10] *Springe* is *snare* or *trap*. The woodcock is the bird meant; which was said to have no brains, it being a very silly bird, and easily caught.

[11] This is commonly understood and printed as if the Clown were reading from a note, which he is probably too unsophisticated to be guilty of. No doubt he is speaking from memory.

[12] So called because they sang rounds or glees in three parts.

[13] The *mean* was an intermediate part between the treble and the tenor;

sings psalms to hornpipes.[14] I must have saffron, to colour the warden-pies;[15] mace; dates, — none, that's out of my note;[16] nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, — but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.[17]

Aut. [*Lying on the ground.*] O, that ever I was born!

Clo. I' the name of me, —

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

so named because it served as a mean, or a harmonizing medium: sometimes called counter-tenor. See vol. i. page 171, note 10.

14 These were probably much the same as what in our day are sometimes called "Geneva jigs." It would seem that even so early as Shakespeare's time the notion had been taken up and carried out, of turning hornpipes, jigs, &c., into sacred music by setting religious words to them.

15 *Wardens* are a large sort of pear, called in French *Poires de Garde*, because, being a late hard pear, they may be kept very long. It is said that their name is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *wearden*, to preserve. They are now called *baking-pears*, and are generally coloured with *cochineal* instead of *saffron* as of old.

16 "Out of my *note*" probably does not mean his written list, but not among the things *noted* down in his memory. See page 141, note 5.

17 "*Race* of ginger" here means, apparently, *root* of ginger; though it is said to have been used sometimes for a *package*. — "*Raisins* of the sun" is the old name for what are now called raisins simply. Probably so called because they were grapes dried in the sun.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service.[18] Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now! canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [*Picks his pocket.*] good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames:[19] I knew him once a servant of the Prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the Court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the Court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.[20]

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he

[18] The Clown quibbles on *footman* and *horseman*, using them here as military terms. A mounted soldier must have been in a hard fight, to have his coat so spoiled.

[19] The old English title of this game was *pigeon-holes;* as the arches in the board through which the balls are to be rolled resemble the cavities made for pigeons in a dove-house. In Jones's *Treatise on Buckstone Bathes:* "The ladyes, &c., if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche eleven holes made, into the which to troule pummits: the pastime *troule in madame* is called." It is a corruption of *trou-madame.*

[20] Will only *sojourn*, or *put up* for short time. *But* with the force of *than.*

hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, — a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion[21] of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! prig,[22] for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee[23] on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! [*Exit* Clown.] —Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd,[24] and my name put in the book of virtue!

[21] *Motion* is the old name of a puppet-show; so used even as late as Fielding's time. In his *Jonathan Wild*, he says the master of a puppet-show "wisely keeps out of sight; for, should he once appear, the whole *motion* would be at an end." — *Compass'd* is *obtained.*

[22] *Prig* was another cant phrase for the order of thieves. Harman, in his *Caveat for Cursetor*, 1573, calls a horse-stealer "a *prigger* of prancers; for to *prigge* in their language is to *steale*."

[23] "Shall I *attend* or *escort* thee?" So *bring* was often used.

[24] *Unroll'd* is struck off the roll, or expelled the fraternity of rogues.

[Sings.] *Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,*
And merrily hent[25] *the stile-a:*
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [Exit.

Scene III. — *The Same. A Lawn before a* Shepherd's *Cottage.*

Enter Florizel *and* Perdita.

Flo. These your unusual weeds[1] to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes,[2] it not becomes me;
O, pardon that I name them! your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land,[3] you have obscured
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up: but that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom,[4] I should blush

[25] To *hent* is to *take;* from the Anglo-Saxon *hentan.* — These lines are part of a catch printed in "An Antidote against Melancholy, made up in Pills, compounded of witty Ballads, jovial Songs, and merry Catches."

[1] *Weeds* is an old word for *clothes* or *dress.* The Prince alludes to the floral trimmings, which make Perdita seem a kind of multitudinous flower; all the adornings taking fresh life from her, and only diffusing the grace which they strive to eclipse, as if they were the proper outgrowth of her being.

[2] She means his extravagance in disguising himself in shepherd's clothes, while he pranked her up most goddess-like.

[3] The object of all men's notice and expectation.

[4] "Digest it with a custom" means, take it as natural, or think nothing of it, because they are used to it.

To see you so attirèd; more, I think,
To see myself i' the glass.
Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.
Per Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference [5] forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: O, the Fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?
Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.
Per. O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by th' power o' the King:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

[5] Meaning the difference between his rank and hers.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forced thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast: or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Enter the Shepherd, *with* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO *disguised; the* Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, *and other* Shepherds *and* Shepherdesses.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife lived, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant; welcomed all, served all;
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour, and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to's welcome;[6] for it is

[6] "These friends unknown to us," is the meaning.

A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [*To* POLIX.] Welcome, sir:
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. — [*To* CAM.] You're welcome, sir. —
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. — Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the Winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,[7]
And welcome to our shearing!

Polix. Shepherdess, —
A fair one are you, — well you fit our ages
With flowers of Winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient, —
Not yet on Summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling Winter, — the fair'st flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyvors,[8]
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Polix. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For[9] I have heard it said,
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares

[7] These plants were probably held as emblematic of grace and remembrance, because they keep their beauty and fragrance "all the winter long."

[8] Spelt *gillyvors* in the original, and probably so pronounced at the time. Dyce thinks it should be retained as "an old form of the word." Douce says, "*Gelofer*, or *gillofer* was the old name for the whole class of carnations, pinks, and sweetwilliams; from the French *girofle*."

[9] *For* was often used where we should use *because*.

With great creating Nature.[10]
Polix. Say there be;
Yet Nature is made better by no mean,
But Nature makes that mean: so, even that art
Which you say adds to Nature, is an art
That Nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend Nature, — change it rather; but
The art itself is Nature.[11]
Per. So it is.
Polix. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.
Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;[12]
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well, and only therefore

[10] It would seem that variegated gilliflowers were produced by cross-breeding of two or more varieties; as variegated ears of corn often grow from several sorts of corn being planted together. The gardener's art whereby this was done might properly be said to share with creating Nature. Douce says that "Perdita connects the gardener's art of varying the colours of these flowers with the art of painting the face, a fashion very prevalent in Shakespeare's time."

[11] This identity of Nature and Art is thus affirmed by Sir Thomas Browne: "Nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they both being the servants of the Providence of God. Art is the perfection of nature: were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God."

[12] Perdita is too guileless to take the force of Polixenes' reasoning; she therefore assents to it, yet goes on to act as though there were nothing in it: her assent, indeed, is merely to get rid of the perplexity it causes her; for it clashes with and disturbs her moral feelings and associations. — *Dibble* was the name of an instrument for making holes in the ground to plant seeds or to set plants in.

Desire to breed by me. — Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' th' Sun,
And with him rises weeping:[13] these are flowers
Of middle Summer, and, I think, they're given
To men of middle age. Ye're very welcome.
Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.
Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. — Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the Spring that might
Become your time of day; — and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenhoods growing: — O Proserpina,
For th' flowers now, that, frighted, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's wagon![14] golden daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take[15]
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes

[13] The marigold here meant is the *sun-flower*. Thus spoken of in Lupton's *Notable Things*: "Some call it *Sponsus Solis*, the Spowse of the Sunne, because it sleeps and is awakened with him."

[14] "From Dis's wagon" means *at the coming of* Dis's wagon. — In Shakespeare's time *wagon* was often used where we should use *chariot*; its application not being confined to the coarse common vehicle now called by that name. So in Mercutio's description of Queen Mab: "Her *wagoner*, a small gray-coated gnat"; where later usage would require *charioteer*. — The story how, at the approach of Dis in his chariot, Proserpine, affrighted, let fall from her lap the flowers she had gathered, is told in the fifth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; familiar to the Poet, no doubt, in Golding's translation, 1587.

[15] To *take* here means to *captivate*, to *entrance*, or ravish with delight. We have a similar thought in *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 2: "Purple the sails, and so perfumèd that the *winds were love-sick* with them."

Or Cytherea's breath;[16] pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, — a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips[17] and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!

Flo. What, like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or if, — not to be buried,
But quick,[18] and in mine arms. — Come, take your flowers:
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done.[19] When you speak, sweet,

16 "The beauties of Greece and some Asiatic nations tinged their eyelids of an obscure violet colour by means of some unguent, which was doubtless perfumed like those for the hair, &c., mentioned by Athenæus. Of the beauty and propriety of the epithet violets *dim*, and the transition at once to the lids of Juno's eyes and Cytherea's breath, no reader of taste and feeling need be reminded." Such is the common explanation of the passage. But I suspect the sweetness of Juno's eyelids, as Shakespeare conceived them, was in the look, not in the odour. Much the same sweetness is ascribed to the sleeping Imogen's eyelids, in *Cymbeline*, ii. 2: "These windows — white and azure — laced with blue of heaven's own tinct." — Probably violets are called *dim*, because their colour is soft and tender, not bold and striking. Or the epithet may have reference to the *shyness* of that flower; as in Wordsworth's well-known lines, "A violet by a mossy stone, half hidden from the eye."

17 The epithet *bold* in this place is justified by Steevens, on the ground that "the *oxlip* has not a weak flexible stalk like the *cowslip*, but erects itself *boldly* in the face of the Sun. Wallis, in his *History of Northumberland*, says that the *great oxlip* grows a foot and a half high."

18 *Quick* in its original sense of *living* or *alive*, as in the Nicene Creed: "To judge both the *quick* and dead."

19 *Surpasses* what is done. So the Poet often uses to *better*.

I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
No other function. Each your doing is
So singular in each particular,
Crowning what you have done i' the present deed,
That all your acts are queens.[20]

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps so fairly through't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill[21] to fear as I have purpose
To put you to't.[22] But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Polix. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,

[20] The idea pervading this exquisite speech evidently is, that Perdita does every thing so charmingly, that her latest doing always seems the best. Thus each later deed of hers is aptly said to *crown* what went before; and all her acts are made queens in virtue of this coronation.

[21] *Skill* was often used in the sense of *cunning* or *knowledge;* here it means *reason*, apparently, as Warburton explained it. So in Warner's *Albions England*, 1606:

> Our queen deceas'd conceal'd her heir,
> I wot not for what *skill*.

[22] "To *put* you to't" is to *give* you *cause* or *occasion for* it.

Too noble for this place.
Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out:[23] good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.
Clo. Come on, strike up!
Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with!
Mop. Now, in good time!
Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners.—
Come, strike up!

[*Music. A dance of* Shepherds *and* Shepherdesses.

Polix. Pray you, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding:[24] I but have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gazed the Moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.
Polix. She dances featly.
Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it,

[23] Donne gives the sense of this very choicely in his *Elegy on Mrs. Elizabeth Drury:*

We understood
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say, her body thought.

[24] *Worthy feeding* has been rightly explained "a valuable tract of pasturage; such as might be a *worthy* offset to Perdita's dower." So in Drayton's *Mooncalf:*

Finding the *feeding*, for which he had toil'd
To have kept safe, by these vile cattle spoil'd.

That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grow to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of *dildos* and *fadings;* [25] *jump her and thump her:* and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul jape [26] into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man;* puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*[27]

Polix. This is a brave fellow.

[25] "With a hie *dildo* dill, and a *dildo* dee" is the burden of an old ballad or two. *Fading* is also another burden to a ballad found in Shirley's *Bird in a Cage.* It is also the name given to an Irish dance, probably from *fædan*, I whistle, as it was danced to the pipes.

[26] *Jape* is *jest.* The word does not occur again in Shakespeare, but is met with in several old writers. So in Coriat's *Verses prefixed:*

> The pilfering pastime of a crue of apes,
> Sporting themselves with their conceited *japes.*

[27] A ballad *to the tune of* "Oh! do me no harm, good man," is given in *The Famous History of Friar Bacon.*

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any embroided[28] wares?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points[29] more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses,[30] cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over, as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.[31]

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes. [*Exit* Servant.

Clo. You have of these pedlers, that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.[32]

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,

[28] *Embroided* is a shortened form of *embroidered;* here used, apparently, in the general sense of *ornamented* or *ornamental.*

[29] A rather witty pun upon *points*, which was a term for the tags used to fasten or hold up the dress. So in *1 Henry IV.*, also with a pun: "Their *points* being broken, down fell their hose." See vol. v. page 151, note 3.

[30] *Inkle* was a kind of *tape.* — *Caddis* is explained by Malone "a narrow worsted galloon."

[31] *Sleeve-hand*, the cuffs or wristband; the *square*, the work about the bosom. The bosom-part of the chemise, as appears from old pictures and engravings, was often ornamented with embroidery.

[32] *Wish* or *care* to think is the meaning.

For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,[33]
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but, being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets [34] where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-

[33] These *poking-sticks* are described by Stubbes in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, Part ii.: "They be made of yron and steele, and some of brasse, kept as bright as silver, yea, some of silver itselfe; and it is well if in processe of time they grow not to be of gold." Stowe informs us that "about the sixteenth yeare of the queene began the making of *steele poking-sticks*, and until that time all lawndresses used setting stickes made of wood or bone." They were heated and used for setting the plaits of ruffs.

[34] *Placket* has been variously explained. Sometimes it appears to have meant an *apron*. According to Halliwell, the term is still in use for a *petty-coat*, and in some places for a *shift*, a *slit* in the pettycoat, a *pocket*, &c. See vol. ii. page 41, note 25. In the text, however, the word can hardly be taken in any of the forenamed senses. The general meaning of the passage is no doubt rightly stated by Dr. Schmidt: "Will they openly show to strangers what they ought to keep for their friends?" Later in this scene we have the word again: Autolycus, describing the rapture of the company in purchasing his trinkets, says, "all their other senses stuck in their ears: you might have *pinched* a *placket*, — 'twas *senseless*." Here the word evidently means what certain Latin authors call *muliebria*.

hole,[35] to whistle-off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering. Clammer your tongues,[36] and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.[37]

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print a-life,[38] for then we are sure they are true.

35 The fire-place for drying malt was a favourite place for gossipping.

36 In reference to the strange word *clammer*, Mr. Joseph Crosby writes me as follows: "It is a pure North-of-England provincialism. The original word *clam*, or *clamm*, means to *choke up*, to stick or fasten together; and our word *clammy* comes from the same root. I have heard the expression, 'The mill is *clammed*,' that is, *stopped*, because the 'race,' that is, the stream of water driving it, 'is choked up.' It is strange, I think, that our common word *clammy* never suggested the origin and meaning of *clam* or *clammer* to any of the Editors. It exactly corresponds to our American slang phrase *dry up*. I have, myself, heard *clammed* used of a person *starved with hunger;* meaning that his bowels were so empty that they *clammed* or stuck together." — Sometimes the word was spelt *clem;* and in further illustration of the point, I quote a passage from Massinger's *Roman Actor*, ii. 1: "And yet I, when my entrails were *clemm'd* with keeping a perpetual fast, was deaf to their loud windy cries." See Critical Notes.

37 A *tawdry-lace* was a sort of necklace worn by country wenches. So in *The Faithful Shepherdess:* "The primrose chaplet, *tawdry lace*, and ring." Spenser, in his *Shepherd's Kalendar*, mentions it as an ornament for the waist: "And gird your waste, for more fineness, with a *tawdrie lace*." *Tawdries* is used sometimes for *necklaces* in general. — Sweet or perfumed gloves are often mentioned by Shakespeare.

38 *A-life* is *as my life*, *mightily*. — That any one should be sure a thing is true because of its being in print, seems rather odd to us.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden, and how she long'd to eat adders' heads and toads carbonado'd.[39]

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one Mistress Tale-porter, and five or six honest wives' that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.[40]

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man:* there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

[39] *Carbonado'd* is *slashed* or *cut across*, as a piece of meat for broiling. The Poet has it repeatedly so.

[40] All extraordinary events were then turned into ballads. In 1604 was entered on the Stationers' books, "A strange report of a monstrous *fish* that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward."

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation: have at it with you!

SONG.

Aut. *Get you hence, for I must go;*
Where, it fits not you to know.
Dor. *Whither?* Mop. *O, whither?* Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy secrets tell:
Dor. *Me too, let me go thither.*

Mop. *Or thou go'st to th' grange or mill:*
Dor. *If to either, thou dost ill.*
Aut. *Neither.* Dor. *What, neither?* Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *Thou hast sworn my love to be;*
Mop. *Thou hast sworn it more to me:*
Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad[41] talk, and we'll not trouble them. — Come, bring away thy pack after me. — Wenches, I'll buy for you both. — Pedler, let's have the first choice. — Follow me, girls. [*Exit with* DORCAS *and* MOPSA.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. —

[Sings.] *Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cape,*
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread, any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and finest, finest wear-a?
Come to the pedler; money's a meddler,
That doth utter[42] *all men's ware-a?* [Exit.

[41] *Sad* for *earnest* or *serious;* a common usage of the time.

[42] A *meddler* is a *busybody*, one who has his finger in every one's dish. — To *utter*, as the word is here used, is to *publish*, to *offer for sale*, or to *make current*. Here the word is used as a causative verb, or in the sense of causing things to pass from hand to hand.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three goat-herds, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair;[43] they call themselves Saltiers:[44] and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry[45] of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind, — if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, — it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't: here has been too much homely foolery already. — I know, sir, we weary you.

Polix. You weary those that refresh us: pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the King; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.[46]

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter twelve Rustics *habited like Satyrs, who dance, and then exeunt.*

Polix. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.[47] —
[*To* CAM.] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them.
He's simple and tells much. — How now, fair shepherd!
Your heart is full of something that does take

[43] It is most probable that they were dressed in goat-skins. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in Shakespeare's time, or even at an earlier period. Bacon, Essay 37, says of antimasques, "They have been commonly of fools, *satyrs*, baboons, wild men, antics, beasts, sprites, witches, Ethiopes, pigmies, turquets, nymphs, rustics, Cupids, statues moving, and the like."

[44] *Saltiers* is probably the Servant's blunder for *satyrs.*

[45] A *gallimaufry* is a *medley, jumble*, or *hotchpotch.*

[46] *Squire* or *square* was in common use for a carpenter's measuring-rule.

[47] This is an answer to something which the Shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance.

Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handled love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. — O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime loved! I take thy hand, — this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiop's tooth, or the fann'd snow that's bolted
By th' northern blasts twice o'er.

Polix. What follows this? —
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! — I've put you out:
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Polix. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he; and men, the Earth, the Heavens, and all:
That — were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's — I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all;

Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.[48]
Polix. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This shows a sound affection.
Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands, a bargain! —
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.
Shep. Come, your hand; —
And, daughter, yours.
Polix. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you:
Have you a father?
Flo. I have: but what of him?
Polix. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does nor shall.
Polix. Methinks a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?

[48] That is, *commit* them to her service, or condemn them to their own *destruction*. See page 183, note 16.

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?[49]
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.

Polix. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: reason my son
Should choose himself a wife;[50] but as good reason
The father — all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity — should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Polix. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Polix. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not. —
Mark our contráct.

Polix. [*Discovering himself.*] Mark your divorce, young sir,
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledged: thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! — Thou old traitor,
I'm sorry that, by hanging thee, I can but

[49] That is, reason or converse about his own affairs. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 3: "Let me *dispute* with thee of thy estate."

[50] It is reason, or reasonable, that my son should choose, &c.

Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou copest with,—

Shep. O, my heart!

Polix. —I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack,—as never
I mean thou shalt,—we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far'[51] than Deucalion off. Mark thou my words:
Follow us to the Court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to't. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard; for once or twice
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The selfsame Sun that shines upon his Court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on's alike.—[*To* FLO.] Will't please you, sir, be gone?
I told you what would come of this. Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,

[51] *Far'*, in the old spelling, *farre*, that is, *farther*. The ancient comparative of *fer* was *ferrer*. This in the time of Chaucer was softened into *ferre*: "Thus was it peinted, I can say no *ferre*."

But milk my ewes and weep.[52]
Cam. Why, how now, father!
Speak ere thou diest.
Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. — [*To* FLO.] O sir,
You have undone a man of fourscore-three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones! but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels-in dust.[53] — [*To* PERDI.] O cursèd wretch,
That knew'st this was the Prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him! — Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I've lived
To die when I desire.[54] [*Exit.*
Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
More straining on for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

52 Coleridge says, "O, how more than exquisite is this whole speech! And that profound nature of noble pride and grief venting themselves in a momentary peevishness of resentment towards Florizel: 'Wilt please you, sir, be gone?'" For my part, I should say, how more than exquisite is every thing about this unfledged angel!

53 In the old burial service, it was the custom for *the priest* to throw earth on the body in the form of a cross, and then sprinkle it with holy water.

54 Some of the critics have been rather hard on the old Shepherd, for what they call his characteristic selfishness in thinking so much of his own life, though he be fourscore and three, and showing so little concern for Perdita and Florizel. But it is the thought, not so much of dying, as of dying like a felon, that troubles and engrosses his mind. His unselfish honesty in the treatment of his foundling is quite apparent throughout. The Poet was wiser than to tempt nature overmuch, by making the innate qualities of his heroine triumphant over the influences of a selfish father.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, — which I do guess
You do not purpose to him; — and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his Highness settle,
Come not before him.
Flo. I not purpose it.
I think Camillo?
Cam. Even he, my lord.
Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus!
How often said my dignity would last
But till 'twere known!
Flo. It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let Nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks: —
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.
Cam. Be advised.
Flo. I am, and by my fancy:[55] if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is desperate, sir.
Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the Sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound sea hides
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved: therefore, I pray you,

[55] Here, as often, *fancy* means *love*.

As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, — as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more, — cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver: I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most oppórtune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need!

Flo. Hark, Perdita. — [*Taking her aside.*
[*To* CAMILLO.] I'll hear you by-and-by.

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy King my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with serious business, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think
You've heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserved: it is my father's music
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompensed as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the King,
And, through him, what is near'st to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your Highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress, — from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As Heavens forfend! your ruin; — marry her;
And — with my best endeavours in your absence —
Your discontenting [56] father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do,[57] so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows: If you will not change your purpose.
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia;

[56] *Discontenting* for *discontented;* an instance of the indiscriminate use of active and passive forms. See page 25, note 57.

[57] This *unthought-on accident* is the unexpected discovery made by Polixenes. — *Guilty to,* though it sound harsh to our ears, was the phraseology of Shakespeare. So in *The Comedy of Errors,* iii. 2:

But, lest myself be *guilty to* self-wrong,
I'll stop my ears against the mermaid's song.

And there present yourself and your fair Princess —
For so I see she must be — 'fore Leontes:
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh Princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; th' one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your father
To greet him and to give him comfort. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I'm bound to you:
There is some sap in this.[58]

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain
To miseries enough; no hope to help you,
But, as you shake off one, to take another:[59]

[58] Where there is *sap* there is *life*, and while there is *life* there is *hope*. The phrase was common, and occurs again in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 13: "There's *sap* in't yet."

[59] That is, "as you shake off one *misery*, you are *sure* to take on

Nothing so certain as your anchors; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be. Besides, you know
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.[60]

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
I' the rear our birth.

Cam. I cannot say 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir; for this
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita!
But, O, the thorns we stand upon! — Camillo, —
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our House! — how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear so in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed,[61] as if

another." In what follows, Camillo means that it is better to steer for some fixed harbourage than to sail at random.

[60] Here, as often, to *take in* is to *conquer* or *subdue*.

[61] *Appointed*, here, is *furnished* or *accoutrèd*. Often so, both the verb and the noun. See vol. vi. page 181, note 9.

The scene you play'd were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want, one word.
[*They talk aside.*

Re-enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book,[62] ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng'd who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed,[63] and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture;[64] and what I saw, to my good use I remember'd. My clown — who wants but something to be a reasonable man — grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes[65] till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, — it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would[66] have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their

[62] *Pomanders* were little balls of perfumed paste, worn in the pocket, or hung about the neck, and even sometimes suspended to the wrist, according to Phillips. They were used as amulets against the plague or other infections, as well as for mere articles of luxury. — A *table-book* was a set of tablets, to be carried in the pocket, for writing memoranda upon.

[63] This alludes to the beads often sold by the Romanists, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of some relic.

[64] *In picture* seems to be used here as a sort of equivoque; the sense of *in picking* being implied.

[65] The sense of *pettitoes* is *petty toes;* here used humorously for *feet.*

[66] *Would* for *could.* The auxiliaries *could, should,* and *would,* were very often used indiscriminately. So later in this scene: "About his son, that *should* have married a shepherd's daughter"; *should* for *would.* See page 46, note 30.

festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoobub[67] against his daughter and the King's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, *and* PERDITA *come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King Leontes, —

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy[68] be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. [*Seeing* AUTOLYCUS.] Who have we here?
We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. [*Aside.*] If they have overheard me now, — why, hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow! why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange; therefore discase thee instantly, — thou must think there's a necessity in't, — and change garments with this gentleman: though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot. [*Giving money.*

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. — [*Aside.*] I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch: the gentlemen is half flay'd already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir? — [*Aside.*] I smell the trick on't.

67 *Whoobub* is an old equivalent for *hubbub.*

68 *Happy* in the sense of *prosperous, fortunate,* or *successful;* like the Latin *felix.* Repeatedly so.

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle. —

[Florizel *and* Autolycus *exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress, — let my prophecy
Come home to ye![69] — you must retire yourself[70]
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may —
For I do fear eyes over us — to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy. —
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat. —

[*Giving it to* Perdita.

Come, lady, come. — Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!
Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*

Cam. [*Aside.*] What I do next, shall be to tell the King
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail
To force him after; in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

69 "May my use of the word *fortunate* be prophetic, and come home to you as such!"

70 "*Withdraw* yourself." So the Poet often uses *retire.*

Flo. Fortune speed us!—
Thus we set on, Camillo, to th' sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

[*Exeunt* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and* CAMILLO.

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! what a boot is here with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The Prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels: if I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the King withal, I would do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.—

Re-enter the Clown *and* Shepherd.

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the King she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the King; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his

son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the King's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer by I know not how much an ounce.

Aut. [*Aside.*] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the King: there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [*Aside.*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at the palace.

Aut. [*Aside.*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.[71] [*Takes off his false beard.*] — How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your Worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known? discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.[72]

[71] *Excrement*, from the Latin *excresco*, was applied to such outgrowths of the human body as hair, nails, &c. See vol. iii. page 172, note 16.

[72] To *give one the lie* commonly meant to *accuse him of lying*, or to *call him a liar*. But Autolycus appears to be punning on the phrase, using it in the sense of dealing in lies, or cheating by means of falsehood, as he himself has often done in selling his wares. Giving the lie in this sense is paid with money, and not with stabbing, as it is in the other sense. And, in lying his customers out of their cash, Autolycus has had his lies well *paid for;* therefore he did not *give* them the lie.

Clo. Your Worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.[73]

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the Court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the Court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or touse[74] from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pie; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the King.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. [*Aside to* Shep.] Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant: say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant,[75] cock nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we that are not simple men!
Yet Nature might have made me as these are;
Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. [*Aside to* Shep.] This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. [*Aside to* Clo.] His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. [*Aside to* Shep.] He seems to be the more noble in

[73] "Taken with the manner" is an old phrase for taken *in the act.*

[74] "Think'st thou, *because I wind myself into* thee, or *draw* from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier?" To *touse* is to pluck or draw out. As to *touse* or teize wool, *Carpere lanam.*

[75] It appears that pheasants were in special favour as presents of game to persons in authority, when any thing was wanted of them. Halliwell aptly illustrates the text by the following from the *Journal* of the Rev. Giles Moore, 1665: "I gave to Mr. Cripps, Solicitor, for acting for me in obtaining my qualification, and effecting it, £1 10*s.*; and I allowed my brother Luxford for going to London thereupon, and presenting my lord with *two brace of pheasants*, 10*s.*"

being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the King; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The King is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the King is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast,[76] let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane[77] to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it[78] be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

[76] That is, if he be not at large *under bonds* to appear and answer on a given day. *Hand-fast* is here equivalent to *main-prize*.

[77] *Germane* is *related* or *akin;* used both of persons and of things.

[78] The doubling of the subject in relative clauses, as *which* and *it* in this place, is common in the old writers; and sometimes happens with good writers even now, though probably through inadvertence. So, again, in the next scene: "*Which* that *it* shall, is all as monstrous," &c.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son; who shall be flay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's-nest; there stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims,[79] shall he be set against a brick-wall, the Sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me — for you seem to be honest plain men — what you have to the King: being something gently considered,[80] I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man besides the King to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. [*Aside to* Shep.] He seems to be of great authority: close with him; give him gold: an though[81] authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, *stoned*, and *flay'd alive*.

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

79 Meaning the hottest day predicted by the almanac. Malone says, "Almanacs were in Shakespeare's time published under this title: 'An Almanack and *Prognostigation* made for the year of our Lord God 1575.'"

80 "Gently considered" here means *liberally bribed.* The use of *consideration* for *recompense* has been made familiar to readers of romance by old Trapbois, in *The Fortunes of Nigel.*

81 *An though* is here equivalent, apparently, to *although.*

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. — Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but, though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.[82]

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. [*Aside to* Shep.] Comfort, good comfort! We must to the King, and show our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. — Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand: I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. [*Aside to* Shep.] We are bless'd in this man, as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. [*Aside to* Clo.] Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt* Shepherd *and* Clown.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, — gold, and a means to do the Prince my master good; which who knows but luck may turn to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

[82] The Clown, however uncorrupted with the sophistications of pen and ink, and though he may "have a mark to himself, like an honest plain-dealing man," is no clod-pole: his pun on *case* in this instance is something keen.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of* LEONTES.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, *and others.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass: at the last,
Do as the Heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
Kill'd! — she I kill'd! I did so: but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoke a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and graced
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.
Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the State, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his Highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former Queen is well?[1]
What holier than — for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good —
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?
Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting[2] her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel
My lord should to the Heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. — [*To* LEON.] Care not for issue;
The crown will find an heir: great Alexander
Left his to th'[3] worthiest; so his successor

[1] *Is well* is an old phrase for *is dead;* that is, *happy*, or *at rest.* So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 5: "We use to say *the dead are well.*"

[2] *Respecting*, here, is *in comparison with;* the only instance, I think, of the word so used. But the Poet often has *in respect of* in just the same sense. See vol. v. page 56, note 13.

[3] This elision of *the*, so as to make it coalesce with the preceding word into one syllable, has occurred many times in this play, and ought, perhaps,

Was like to be the best.
Leon. Thou good Paulina,
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour, O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my Queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips, —
Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.
Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better used, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage —
Where we offend her now — appear, soul-vex'd,
And begin, *Why to me?*
Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.
Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.
Paul. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.*
Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife;
I'll have no wife, Paulina.
Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave?
Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

to have been noted before. So we have *by th'*, *do th'*, *for th'*, *from th'*, *on th'*, *wi' th'*, and others. See page 13, note 17.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront[4] his eye.
Cleo. Good madam, —
Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry, — if you will, sir, —
No remedy, but you will, — give me the office
To choose your Queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first Queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.
Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us.
Paul. That
Shall be when your first Queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his Princess, — she
The fair'st I've yet beheld, — desires access
To your high presence.
Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced
By need and accident. What train?
Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

[4] *Affront* is *meet* or *encounter*. Shakespeare uses this word with the same meaning in *Hamlet*, iii. 1: "That he, as 'twere by accident, may here *affront* Ophelia." And in *Cymbeline:* "Your preparation can *affront* no less than what you hear of." Lodge, in the Preface to his *Translation of Seneca*, says, "No soldier is counted valiant that *affronteth* not his enemie."

Leon. His Princess, say you, with him?
Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the Sun shone bright on.
Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave [5]
Give way to what's seen now! Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so, — but your writing now
Is colder than that theme, — *She had not been,*
Nor was not to be equall'd. Thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you've seen a better.
Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot, — your pardon;
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is such a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; [6] make proselytes
Of whom she but bid follow.
Paul. How! not women?
Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.
Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement. [*Exeunt* CLEO. *and others.*
Still, 'tis strange
He thus should steal upon us.
Paul. Had our Prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month

[5] This, if the text be right, must mean, as Edwards observes, "thy beauties, which are buried in the grave"; the *container* for the *contained.*

[6] Put them out of heart and hope by surpassing them.

Between their births.
Leon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'st
He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come. —

Re-enter CLEOMENES *and others, with* FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, Prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air,[7] that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess-goddess! O, alas,
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You gracious couple do! and then I lost —
All mine own folly — the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.[8]
Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,[9]
Can send his brother: and, but[10] infirmity —

[7] *Air* for *look, appearance,* or *total expression.* So in the preceding scene: "See'st thou not the *air* of the Court in these enfoldings?"

[8] Here we have a relative clause with the *object* doubled, *whom* and *him.* See page 243, note 78. — The meaning in the text is, "whom I desire to live to see again, though life is a misery to me."

[9] *At friend* is plainly equivalent to *on terms of friendship.* And why not *at friend* as well as "at feud"? which is a common phrase.

[10] The exceptive *but;* equivalent to *be out that,* or *but that.* Often so. See page 18, note 23.

Which waits upon worn times — hath something seized
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measured to look upon you; whom he loves —
He bade me say so — more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O my brother,
Good gentleman, the wrongs I've done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behindhand slackness! — Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th' earth. And hath he too
Exposed this paragon to th' fearful usage —
At least ungentle — of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
Th' adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,[11]
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and loved?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence,
A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your Highness: my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here where we are.

[11] We should say, "my good lord." But such inversions occur continually in Shakespeare, and other writers of his time. So we have "gentle my brother," "sweet my sister," "dear my mother," "gracious my lord," &c.

Leon. The blessèd gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy [12] father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the Heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd,
As he from Heaven merits it, with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has —
His dignity and duty both cast off —
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your Court
Whiles he was hastening, — in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, — meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young Prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endured all weathers.

[12] *Holy* for *just*, *righteous*, or *good*. Often so. See page 95, note 11.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge:
He's with the King your father.
Leon. Who? Camillo?
Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question.[13] Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.
Per. O my poor father!—
The Heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.
Leon. You are married?
Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:
The odds for high and low's alike.[14]
Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?
Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.
Leon. That *once*, I see by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up:

[13] *Question*, again, for *talk* or *conversation*. See page 204, note 4.

[14] An obscure passage; but probably meaning that the *liklihood* or *chance* of success in a "course of true love" is the same for all ranks of people. *Odds* is, properly, the difference between two or more things; hence it not unnaturally draws into the sense of *probability*. We have a like use of *odds* in *Cymbeline*, v. 2: "If thy gentry, Britain, go before this lout as he exceeds our lords, the *odds* is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods."

Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. — Beseech you, sir,
Remember since [15] you owed no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your Queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.[16] — [*To* FLORIZEL.] But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I'm friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: [17] come, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

15 *Since* where present usage requires *when*, and meaning *the time when.* Repeatedly so. See vol. iii. page 29, note 23.

16 The Poet seems rather fond of the idea here suggested. The reason why Leontes takes so quickly and so strongly to Perdita is, because he instinctively and unconsciously recognises in her a new edition, as it were, of Hermione. He cannot keep his eyes off the stranger, and while looking on her cannot keep his thoughts off her mother, as if he almost felt the presence of the one in the other. The same thing occurs between the exiled Duke and the disguised Rosalind in *As You Like It;* also between the King and the disguised Imogen in *Cymbeline.* Scott has a very charming instance of the same subtile tricks of association in *The Antiquary*, where Oldbuck's heart goes out instantly to Lovell on first meeting with him; and he cannot imagine why it is so until, near the end, he finds Lovell to be the son of a woman whom he had tenderly loved, and whose sad death he had deeply mourned, many years before.

17 "Observe how I speed," or "what progress I make."

SCENE II. — *The Same. Before the Palace of* LEONTES.

Enter AUTOLYCUS *and a* Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the King and Camillo were very notes of admiration:[1] they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance[2] were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one it must needs be. Here comes a gentleman that happily[3] knows more. —

Enter another Gentleman.

The news, Rogero?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the

[1] Were *real* signs and tokens of *wonder*. *Very*, for *veritable* or *true*, occurs repeatedly; as also *admiration* for *wonder*, the classical sense of the word. See page 99, note 29.

[2] *Importance* for *import*, the thing *imported* or *meant*. The word is so used again in *Cymbeline*, i. 5: "Upon *importance* of so slight and trivial a nature." Also in Bishop Stillingfleet's *Rational Account*, Part i., chapter 7: "Men cannot come to the natural sense and *importance* of the words used in Scripture, unless they rely on the authority of men for the signification of those words."

[3] The Poet often uses *happily* for *haply*, that is, *perhaps*.

King's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it. Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more. —

Enter a third Gentleman.

How goes it now, sir? this news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the King found his heir?

3 Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant[4] by circumstance: that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's; her jewel about the neck of it; the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character;[5] the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother; the affection[6] of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding; and many other evidences, — proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two Kings?

2 Gent. No.

3 Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our King, being ready

[4] *Pregnant* here means *full of proof, convincing:* several times used thus by Shakespeare; as in *Othello*, ii. 1: "It is a most *pregnant* and unforced position."

[5] *Character* for *handwriting*. So in *Hamlet*, iv. 4: "*Laer*. Know you the *hand*? *King*. 'Tis Hamlet's *character*." And in the Poet's 59th Sonnet: "Since mind at first in *character* was done."

[6] *Affection* in one of the classical senses of the verb to *affect;* that is, native tendency, bent of mind, aspiration, or aptitude.

to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping[7] her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit[8] of many king's reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 Gent. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that Paulina knows.

1 Gent. What became of his bark and his followers?

3 Gent. Wreck'd the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But, O, the noble combat that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: she lifted the Princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing her.

1 Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted.

3 Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes — caught the water, though not the fish — was when, at the relation of the Queen's death, with

7 To *embrace* is one of the old senses of to *clip*. See page 81, note 16.

8 *Conduit* is *fountain;* and figures of men and women, in bronze or marble, were often used for fountains. See vol. v. page 86, note 15.

the manner how she came to't, — bravely confess'd and lamented by the King, — how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *Alas*, I would fain say, bleed tears; for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrow'd: if all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal.

1 Gent. Are they returned to the Court?

3 Gent. No: the Princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, — a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity,[9] and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 Gent. I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed[10] house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 Gent. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born:

[9] *Eternity* here means *immortality*. It would seem that a painted statue was no singularity in that age: Ben Jonson, in his *Magnetic Lady*, makes it a reflection on the bad taste of the city.

> *Rut.* I'd have her statue cut now in white marble.
> *Sir Moth.* And have it *painted in most orient colours*.
> *Rut.* That's right! *all city statues must be painted*,
> Else they be worth nought in their subtle judgments.

Sir Henry Wotton, who had travelled much, calls it an *English barbarism*. But painted statues were known to the Greeks, as appears from the accounts of Pausanias and Herodotus.

[10] *Removed* is *retired*, *solitary*, or *sequestered*. Repeatedly so. See vol. v. page 66, note 42.

our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt* Gentlemen.

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the Prince;[11] told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but, he at that time over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, — so he then took her to be, — who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me; for, had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits. Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Enter the Shepherd *and* Clown, *richly dressed.*

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have: — but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the King's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my father brother; and then the Prince my brother and the Princess my sister

[11] That is, aboard Prince Florizel's *ship*. In iv. 3, the Prince says to Camillo, "most oppórtune to our need, I have a vessel rides fast by," &c.

call'd my father father: and so we wept; and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate[12] as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your Worship, and to give me your good report to the Prince my master.

Shep. Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good Worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the Prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend:—and I'll swear to the Prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands,[13] and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk: but I'll swear it; and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. [*Trumpets within.*] Hark! the Kings

[12] *Estate* and *state* were used interchangeably. *Preposterous* is the Clown's blunder, perhaps intentional, for *prosperous:* for this Clown is a most Shakespearian compound of shrewdness and simplicity, and has something of the "allowed Fool" in his character; by *instinct*, of course.

[13] A *bold, courageous* fellow. Autolycus chooses to understand the phrase in one of its senses, which was that of *nimble handed*, working with his hands, a fellow skilled in thievery. See vol. v. page 143, note 4.

and the Princes, our kindred, are going to see the Queen's picture.[14] Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.[15]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The Same. A Chapel in* PAULINA'S *House.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!
Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services
You have paid home: but, that you have vouchsafed,
With your crown'd brother and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.
Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble.[1] But we came
To see the statue of our Queen: your gallery

[14] The words *picture* and *statue* were sometimes used indiscriminately; which Collier thinks may have grown from the custom of painting statues. So in Heywood's *If you know not me, you know Nobody*:

> Your ship, in which all the king's *pictures* were,
> From Brute unto our Queen Elizabeth,
> *Drawn in white marble*, by a storm at sea
> Is wreck'd, and lost.

[15] It was a common petitionary phrase to ask a superior to be *good lord* or *good master* to the supplicant. So, in *2 Henry IV.*, iv. 3, Falstaff says to Prince John, "I beseech you, when you come to the Court, *stand my good lord*"; that is, "be my friend or patron."

[1] *Trouble*, and not *honour*, is the emphatic word here. "The honour we are doing you puts you to trouble." A similar thought occurs in *Macbeth*, i. 6: "The love that follows us sometime is our trouble, which still we thank as love."

Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 'tis well.

[PAULINA *draws back a curtain, and discovers* HERMIONE *standing as a statue.*

I like your silence; it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak; — first, you, my liege:
Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture! —
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, — for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So agèd as this seems.

Polix. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As [2] she lived now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, — warm life,
As now it coldly stands, — when first I woo'd her!

[2] *As* for *as if* occurs very often in Shakespeare.

I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it? — O royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty; which has
My evils cónjured to remembrance, and
From thy admiring[3] daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing. — Lady,
Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colours
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow but
It kill'd itself much sooner.

Polix. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, — for the stone is mine, —
I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already[4] —

[3] *Admiring* is *wondering*, here, as usual. See page 255, note 1.

[4] The expression, "Would I were dead," &c., is neither more nor less

What was he that did make it? — See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Polix. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,[5]
And we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain:
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

Paul. I'm sorry, sir, I've thus far stirr'd you; but
I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;

than an imprecation, equivalent to *Would I may die*, &c.; and the King's real meaning, in reference to Paulina's remark, that he will think *anon* it moves, is, "May I die, if I do not think it moves already." — STAUNTON.

[5] The idea seems to be, that the spectators have a *sense* of mobility in a *vision* of fixedness; that is, they *think* it a statue, yet *feel* as if it were the living original; and seem to discern the *power* without the *fact* of motion. — I have never seen this play on the stage; but can well believe the present scene to be, in the acting, one of the most impressive in the whole range of Shakespeare's theatre; as perhaps Hermione herself is, upon the whole, the grandest structure of womanhood ever conceived by the wit of man. And in this superb scene the reader almost fancies the spectators turning into marble, as they fancy the marble turning into flesh.

You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you [6]
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,—
Which I protest against,—I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak as move.

Paul. It is required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about,[7] let them depart.

Leon. Proceed:
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music, awake her; strike!— [*Music.*
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive she stirs:

[HERMIONE *comes down from the pedestal.*

[6] *Resolve you* is *make up your mind*, or *be fully prepared.* So in *Macbeth*, iii. 1: "*Resolve yourselves* apart: I'll come to you anon." See, also, vol. vi. page 198, note 22.

[7] Alluding to the old statutes against practising magic, which was regarded as a conspiring with "wicked powers," and so was punished as a capital crime. See vol. v. page 101, note 6.

Start not; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor.

Leon. O, she's warm! [*Embracing her.*
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Polix. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck:
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Polix. Ay, and make't manifest where she has lived,
Or how stol'n from the dead.

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting* PERDITA, *who kneels to* HERMIONE.

Herm. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how found
Thy father's Court? for thou shalt hear that I,—
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation

Partake to every one.[8] I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far, —
For him, I partly know his mind, — to find thee
An honourable husband. — Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand; whose [9] worth and honesty
Is richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings. — Let's from this place. —
What! look upon my brother: both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. — This is your son-in-law,
And son unto the King, who — Heavens directing —
Is troth-plight to your daughter. — Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd; hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*

[8] A singular use of *partake;* meaning, of course, *impart, communicate*, or *extend the participation of.* So, in *Pericles*, i. 1: "Our mind *partakes* her private actions to your secrecy."

[9] *Whose* refers, not to Paulina, but to Camillo; as appears by what follows.

CRITICAL NOTES.

Act I., Scene I.

Page 140. *The Heavens continue their* love! — The original has *Loves* instead of *love*. The latter is shown to be right by the next speech: "I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter *it*."

Act I., Scene 2.

P. 142. *I'm question'd by my* fear *of what may chance*
Or breed upon our absence: may there *blow*
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly! — In the first of these lines, the original has *fears* instead of *fear*, and, in the second, *that may* instead of *may there*. The latter is Warburton's reading, as it is also that of Collier's second folio. I do not see how the last clause can be understood otherwise than as referring to *fear;* so that either the antecedent ought evidently to be in the singular, or else we ought to read *These are* instead of *This is*. The passage has troubled the editors a good deal, and various other changes have been made or proposed.

P. 143. *I'll give* you *my commission,*
To let him there a month behind the gest, &c. — So Hanmer. The original has "I'll give *him* my commission." Mr. Joseph Crosby sustains the old reading, as in accordance with the usage of the North of England. His comment at least throws light on the question: "Of the two directly opposite meanings of the word *let*, viz., to *detain* or *hinder*, and to *allow* or *permit*, the latter is, I believe, the only meaning used in the North. '*I'll let* you do so and so,' is an every-day idiom for 'you have my permission to do so and so.' I have heard a thousand times such expressions as these: 'I'll let my boy at school another year'; that is, 'I'll let him *remain*,' &c.: 'John is making a

good job, and I think I had better *let him* at it awhile longer.' In the present instance, 'I'll give him my commission, to let him there a month behind the gest,' &c., a Westmoreland Hermione would be instantly recognized as meaning to say, 'I'll give *him* [his Majesty my husband] my permit to stay or remain at your Court a month after the day named on the royal scroll for his departure.'"

P. 143. *I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind*
What lady e'er *her lord.* — The old text reads "What lady *she* her lord." The word *she* seems very odd here; editors have naturally questioned it; and some read "What lady *should* her lord"; adopting a change written in the margin of Lord Ellesmere's copy of the first folio. The abbreviation of *should* might indeed be easily misprinted *she;* but I think *should* misses the right sense. Not how any lady *ought* to love, but how any lady *does* love, her husband, seems to be the speaker's thought. See foot-note 7.

P. 144. *We knew not*
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, *nor dream'd*
That any did. — So the second folio. The first lacks *no.*

P. 145. God's *grace to boot!* — So Walker. The original omits *God's.* See notes on "God save his Majesty," page 117; also on "God save your Honour," vol. vi. page 253.

P. 145. *You may ride's*
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat *an acre.* — I at one time thought we ought to read, with Collier's second folio, "we *clear* an acre." But further consideration and the judicious help of Mr. Joseph Crosby have convinced me that the old text is right. See foot-note 11.

P. 146. *From heartiness, from* bounty's *fertile bosom.* — So Hanmer and Collier's second folio. The old text, "from *Bountie,* fertile *Bosome.*"

P. 148. *Affection, thy intention stabs the centre!*
Thou dost make possible, things not so held;
Communicatest with dreams, — how can this be? —
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent
Thou mayst cojoin with something; and thou dost,

And that beyond commission, (as *I find it,*)
Ay, even *to the infection of my brains*
And hardening of my brows. — It would be something strange if a transcriber or compositor or proof-reader found his way rightly through such a tangled puzzle, or rather bramble-bush, as we have here. Accordingly, the original has, in the seventh line, "*and* I find it," and, in the eighth, "*And that* to the infection." I have little doubt that, amidst so many *ands*, that word got repeated out of place in the seventh line, and that, in the eighth, *And that* crept in, for the same cause, from the line before. In other respects, I give the nine lines, *verbatim*, just as they stand in the original: the punctuation is there so disordered, that no one now thinks of adhering to it.

The commentators differ widely in their interpretation of this hard passage. In fact, the passage has been a standing poser to editors from Rowe downwards: to Rowe it was so much so, that he boldly changed the first line to "*Imagination, thou dost stab to* centre." And some others understand *affection* as equivalent to *imagination:* but I more than doubt whether the word ever bears that sense in Shakespeare; though he certainly uses it with considerable latitude, not to say looseness, of meaning. I reproduce what seem to me the two best explanations I have met with:

"In this place, *affection* seems to be taken in its usual acceptation, and means the passion of love, which, from its possessing the powers which Leontes here describes, is often called in Shakespeare by the name of *Fancy*. Leontes addresses part of this speech to his son; but his wife and Polixenes, who are supposed to be in sight, are the principal objects of his attention; and, as he utters it in the utmost perturbation of mind, we are not to expect from him a connected discourse, but a kind of rhapsody, interrupted by frequent breaks and starts of passion; as thus: 'Sweet villain! — Most dearest! — My collop! — Can thy dam? — May it be?' In answer to this last question, *may it be?* and to show the possibility of Hermione's falsehood, he begins to descant upon the power of love; but has no sooner pronounced the word *affection* than, casting his eyes on Hermione, he says to her, rather of her, in a low voice, 'thy intention stabs the centre!' And if we suppose that in speaking these words the actor strikes his breast, it would be a further explanation of his meaning. After that, he proceeds again in his argument for a line and a half, when we have another break, *How can this be?* He then proceeds with more connection, and says, 'If love can be coactive with what is unreal, and

have communication with non-entities, it is probable that it may cojoin with something real in the case of Hermione'; and, having proved it possible, he concludes that it certainly must be so. The words *beyond commission* allude to the commission he had given Hermione to prevail on Polixenes to defer his departure. This is the light in which this passage strikes me; but I am by no means confident that my idea of it is just. — *Intention* in this passage means eagerness of attention, or of desire; and is used in the same sense as in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Falstaff says, 'She did course over my exteriors with such a greedy *intention*, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass.'" — MASON.

"*Affection* here means *sympathy*. *Intention* is *intenseness*. The *centre* is the solid globe conceived as the centre of the Universe. The allusion is to the powers ascribed to sympathy between the human system and all Nature, however remote or occult. Hence Leontes, like Othello, finds in his very agitation a proof that it corresponds not with a fancy but a reality. *And that beyond commission*, that is, it is very credent that sympathy shall betray a crime to the injured person, not only at the time of commission, but even after, — beyond the time of commission." — SINGER.

I should be not unwilling to accept this explanation, if I could see how to reconcile it with the latter part of the passage in question. Here I cannot but think that Leontes refers to something, not as acting in his own mind, and revealing to him what others have done in secret, but as acting in the person of his wife, and impelling her to crime, or causing her to do that which makes him "a horned monster." Nor can I understand the words *beyond commission* as having any reference to time. It seems to me that *commission* bears the same sense here as a little before, "I give you my *commission* to let him there a month," &c.; that is, *authority* or *permission*: beyond what is *allowed* or *warranted* by the bond of wedlock. So that the meaning, as I take it, is, that this something, whatever it may be, which holds intercourse with dreams, and co-operates with things that are not, has so infected Hermione, as to make her transcend the lawful freedom of a wife, or pass beyond the limits prescribed by her marriage-vows. See foot-notes 21 and 23.

But perhaps the most indigestible part of my explanation lies in the meaning attached to *centre*. Yet I do not see how the word can well bear any other sense here than it does in the next scene, where, in accordance with the old astronomy, it clearly means the Earth: "If I

mistake in those foundations which I build upon, the *centre* is not big enough to bear a schoolboy's top." So, again, in *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3: "The heavens themselves, the planets, and this *centre*, observe degree, priority, and place," &c. Also in *Hamlet*, ii. 2 : "I will find where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed within the centre."

Perhaps, after all, the passage in hand was not meant to be very intelligible ; and so it may be an apt instance of a man losing his wits in a rapture of jealousy. For how can a man be expected to discourse in orderly sort, when his mind is thus all in a spasm ?

I am moved to add Staunton's strange note, though I have to confess myself unable to see much fitness in it. Staunton punctuates most of the passage interrogatively, and connects the first line with what precedes, thus : "May't be, affection, thy intention stabs the centre ?" He explains as follows: "*Affection* here means *imagination; intention* signifies *intencion* or *intensity;* and the allusion, though the commentators have all missed it, is plainly to that mysterious principle of Nature by which a parent's features are transmitted to the offspring. Pursuing the train of thought induced by the acknowledged likeness between the boy and himself, Leontes asks, 'Can it be possible a mother's vehement imagination should penetrate even to the womb, and there imprint upon the embryo what stamp she chooses ? Such apprehensive fantasy, then,' he goes on to say, 'we may believe will readily cojoin with something tangible, and it does,' &c., &c."

Since writing the above, I have received the following well-considered note from Mr. Joseph Crosby :

"The King, already by nature predisposed to jealousy, while talking to his boy, sees the purely-gracious courtesies of Hermione towards her guest; and his abrupt interrogatories, 'Can thy dam ? — May't be ?' show the course his thoughts are leading him. Here the hiatus after his fragmentary musings is easily supplied ; but his mind seeks some reconciling cause, — some motive-agent, — to account for the dreadful suspicion. He grasps it in the thought of that all-pervading carnal propensity which we name *lust*. The whole of the rest of the passage, commencing, 'Affection,' &c., is simply an apostrophe to the *intencion* of that cause. *Affection* may be defined as a term for any passion that violently *affects* the mind : and what more common or powerful passion is there than this of concupiscence or lust ? It 'stabs the centre'; it pervades the whole globe ; kings and queens, no less than peasants, are its subjects: ''tis powerful, think it, from east, west, north, and south': all barriers to its gratification it sweeps

away, making possible, things not so held.' Nay, more; its potency is such, that even in sleep we are not exempt from its tyranny: it 'communicates with dreams,' though 'how this can be' is unaccountable: but, if it can 'coact with the unreal,' and 'fellow nothing,' then, *a fortiori*, ''tis very credent it may cojoin with something,' — some sympathetic *touch*, some living, responsive object. He has now found his clew to the situation, and suspicion fast becomes conviction. He has built a logical bridge of what he deems a sufficiently reasonable strength, and rushes over it to certainty. It *may* be, — it *is*, — 'THOU DOST!' — The soliloquy is admirably characteristic of the speaker's agitation of mind; full of starts, abrupt turns, imperfectly-expressed sentences, incoherent ideas, one huddled upon another; and this style marks all the speeches of Leontes in the early part of the play, and indeed all through it."

P. 149. Polix. Ho, *my lord!*
What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?
Herm. *You look*
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you not *moved, my lord?* — In the first of these lines, the original reads "*How?* my lord?" *Ho!* is there often spelt *how*, and the relative position of the persons shows it should be *ho!* here; for Leontes is evidently standing apart from Polixenes and Hermione. Corrected by Dyce. — In the second line, also, the words "What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?" are assigned to Leontes in the old text. Corrected by Hanmer. — In the last line, the original lacks *not*, which is fairly required both for sense and for metre. Hanmer reads as in the text; Theobald, "Are *not* you moved?"

P. 149. *Looking on the lines*
Of my boy's face, methought *I did recoil*
Twenty-three years. — In the original, "*me thoughts* I did recoil." This has been changed by some to "*my* thoughts I did recoil"; which, I suspect, is hardly English. In the fifth line after, the original has *me thought;* and in *Richard III.*, i. 4, the first folio has "*Me thoughts* that I had broken from the Tower"; and also, "*Me thoughts* I saw a thousand fearfull wrackes," &c.

P. 150. *He makes a July's day short as* December's. — The old text reads "short as *December*." This, it seems to me, is hardly an English expression of the thought.

P. 152. *I am like you,* they *say.* — So the second folio. The first omits *they.*

P. 154. *For cogitation*
Resides not in that man that does not think't. — The original has "that does not *thinke,*" and some copies of the second folio, "think *it.*"

P. 155. *My wife's a* hobby-*horse.* — In the original, "a *Holy* Horse." Corrected by Rowe.

P. 155. *Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes* else
Blind with the pin-and-web. — So Walker. The original lacks *else,* and so leaves the verse maimed.

P. 156. *Why, he that wears her like* a *medal hanging*
About his neck. — So Collier's second folio. The original has "like *her* Medull," *her* being repeated by mistake.

P. 156. *How I am gall'd,* — thou *mightst bespice a cup.* — So the second folio. The first omits *thou,* which is needful alike to sense and verse.

P. 159. *So leaves me to consider. What is breeding,*
That changes thus his manners?
Cam. *I dare not know, my lord.* — The original prints "leaves me, to consider what is breeding," &c. And so most of the recent editors give the passage. But does not Camillo's reply fairly suppose the clause after *consider* to be interrogative? And where is the objection to taking *consider* as used absolutely, or without an object expressed?

P. 161. *As he had seen't, or been an instrument*
To vice *you to't.* — Instead of *vice,* it has been proposed to print *'tice,* meaning *entice,* which, it seems to me, is something too tame for the occasion. Dyce, however, adopts that reading. See foot-note 56.

P. 161. *Swear* this *thought over*
By each particular star in heaven. — The original reads "Swear *his* thought over." Various changes have been proposed; but the substitution of *this* for *his* is much the simplest; and I fail to

appreciate the objections to it. Lettsom proposes "Swear *this oath* over"; which would give the same sense, with, I think, not much improvement in the language.

P. 162. *My people did expect my hence-departure*
Two days ago. This jealousy of his
Is for a precious creature. — So Walker. The original lacks *of his*. The words thus added complete the verse naturally; and we have many such omissions in the old copies: some occurring in the folio are corrected from the quartos, in the case of plays that were printed in that form, and *vice versa*.

P. 162. *Good expedition be my friend, and* nothing
The gracious Queen, part of his theme, discomfort
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion. — Most of the later editors have, perhaps justly, given this passage up as incurably corrupt. Instead of *nothing*, in the first line, the original has *comfort;* and *but nothing* instead of *discomfort* in the second line. With that reading, it may, I think, be safely said that neither sense nor English can possibly be made out of the passage. Hanmer prints "Good expedition be my friend! *Heaven* comfort," &c.; and Collier's second folio substitutes *dream* for *theme;* neither of which changes yields any relief. Many explanations also of the old text have been offered; but all to no purpose except that of proving it to be inexplicable. It is true, as Walker notes, that in one or two places the Poet uses *nothing of* simply as a strong negative, equivalent to *not at all;* but neither does that fact help the present difficulty. I have ventured to try a reading not hitherto proposed, so far as I am aware. This reading, it will be seen, makes no *literal* change except that of *but* into *dis;* while it supposes *comfort* and *nothing* to have crept each into the other's place; perhaps by mistake, perhaps by sophistication. The text as here given, I think, both yields a fitting sense, and is tolerable English; though, I confess, at the expense of one rather harsh inversion; yet not harsher, I believe, than some others in Shakespeare. See foot-note 59.

ACT II., SCENE I.

P. 165. *All's true that* I *mistrusted.* — Lettsom's correction. The old text reads "that *is* mistrusted."

P. 167. *More, she's a traitor, and Camillo is*
A fedary *with her.* — The original has *Federarie,* which is probably a misprint for *Fedarie.* At all events, it labours under the twofold difficulty of overfilling the verse and of not being English. The Poet has *fedary* in two other places.

P. 167. *No,* no ; *if I mistake*
In those foundations which I build upon, &c. — The second *no* is wanting in the old text. Lettsom's correction.

P. 169. *I'll keep my* stable *where*
I lodge my wife ; I'll go in couples with her, &c. — The original has *stables* instead of *stable.* But Dr. C. M. Ingleby, in his *Shakespeare Hermeneutics,* shows that *keeping one's stable* was a sort of proverbial phrase, having a peculiar meaning ; and it appears from his quotations that the singular was always used for conveying that sense. Thus he quotes from Greene's *James the Fourth :* " A young stripling, that can wait in a gentlewoman's chamber when his master is a mile off, keep his *stable* when it is empty, and his purse when it is full." Here there is an equivoque on *stable,* one sense being the same as that in the text, the other that of a lodging for horses. See foot-note 14.

P. 170. *Would I knew the villain,*
I would lant-dam *him.* — The original has "I would *Land-damne* him." No other instance of *land-damn* has been found, nor can anybody tell what it means. Collier's second folio substitutes *lamback,* which means *beat,* — a sense not strong enough for the place. *Lant-damm,* as the word would have been written, might easily be misprinted *land-damne.* Walker proposed *live-damn,* with the explanation, "I would damn him alive, — inflict the torments of Hell upon him while yet living." I was at one time minded to adopt this reading, and should probably have done so, had I not received the following from Mr. Joseph Crosby : " I have long been convinced that Hanmer's explanation of *land-damn,* in *The Winter's Tale,* ii. 1, was right. *Lant* is a *common Lancashire provincialism* for *urine,* to this day. All the glossaries and dictionaries, new and old, give this word as pure Saxon, although they mostly mark it *obsolete.* Coles gives " *Lant,* urina "; and both Coles and Skinner define 'to *lant,* urinâ miscere.' I have myself seen, among the farmers, what they call a 'lant-trough'; a large stone trough, into which they empty the contents of the 'cham-

bers'; as they use it to sprinkle, along with quick lime, over certain grain-seeds, before they sow them, to make them sprout the sooner, I suppose. It was also written *land* and *hland*. The word in question, then, if spelt land-*damm*, clearly means 'stop the urine,' dam or shut it off; which unquestionably in this case was to be done by *mutilation*. Antigonus, all through this passage, speaks in the most passionate manner; and it requires some such sense as this to be attached to the climax *land-damm*, to keep up his consistency." Then, after quoting the many changes of the text which have been proposed, the writer closes thus: "The whole context of unclean metaphors plainly requires *land-dam*, or, still better, *lant-dam*, (*lant* being the form of more common usage,) meaning to stop his water, and of course his life, by the horrible punishment of mutilation."

P. 170. *But I do see't and feel't,*
As you feel doing this, *and see withal*
The instruments that you *feel.* — The old text has *thus* instead of *this* in the second of these lines, and omits *you* in the third. Lettsom proposed *this*, and *you* is clearly needful to the sense. Heath thought we ought to read "The instruments *of* that *you* feel."

P. 171. *Which if you — or stupefied,*
Or seeming so in skill — cannot or will not
Relish as *truth, like us*, &c. — The original has "Relish *a* truth." But is it, or was it ever, English to say "*which* if you cannot relish *a* truth"? The reading in the text is Rowe's.

P. 172. *Whose spiritual counsel had,*
Shall stop or spur me on. *Have I done well?* — So Hanmer. The old text lacks *on*.

ACT II., SCENE 3.

P. 178. *And, I beseech you, hear me, who* profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare
Less appear so, &c. — Instead of *profess* and *dare*, the old text has *professes* and *dares*. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 180. *Nay, the* valleys,
The pretty dimples of's chin and cheek; &c. — The original has *Valley* instead of *valleys*. Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 182. *The* bastard's brains *with these my proper hands*
Will I dash out. — The old text has *bastard-brains.* Lettsom proposed the change.

P. 182. *We've always truly served you; and beseech* you
So to esteem of us. — The original lacks the second *you.*

P. 183. *So sure as* thy *beard's gray.* — Instead of *thy*, the original has *this;* doubtless from the occurrence of *this* just above and just below it.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 186. *This* session — *to our great grief, we pronounce* —
Even pushes 'gainst our heart. — In the original, "This *Sessions.*" In the last speech of the preceding Act, we have "Summon a *session.*"

P. 186. Crier. *Silence!* — In the original "Silence" is printed in Italic type, and without the prefix, as if it were a stage-direction. But it was customary to command silence in such cases, and it belonged to the public Crier to pronounce the order.

P. 188. *With what encounter so uncurrent I*
Have strain'd *t' appear thus.* — Collier's second folio substitutes *stray'd* for *strain'd.* The words, "if one jot beyond the bound of honour," certainly speak somewhat in favour of this change. But Shakespeare repeatedly uses the substantive *strain* in a way that strongly supports the old text. See foot-note 5.

P. 188. Leon. *You will not own it.*
Herm. *More than* mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. — Here "More than *mistress of*" seems to me a very strange expression. I greatly suspect we ought to read "More than *my distress*, Which," &c.; and so I believe some one has proposed to read.

P. 189. *As you were past all shame,* —
Those of your fact *are so,* — *so past all truth.* — Some difficulty has been felt about *fact* here. Farmer proposed to substitute *sect*, and so Walker would read. But I do not well understand the grounds of

their objection to *fact*. The word seems to me legitimate and apt enough. "Those of your *fact*" means, of course, those guilty of your *deed*, or of such deeds as yours. This use of the word has long been familiar to me. See vol. vi. page 209, note 16.

P. 189. *Thy brat hath been cast out,* left *to itself,*
No father owning it. — The old text has *like* instead of *left*. But what can be the meaning of "*like* to itself" here? I can make nothing of it; whereas "*left* to itself" expresses the actual fact rightly. The correction is Keightley's.

P. 190. *The innocent milk in* its *most innocent mouth.* — Here, instead of *its*, the original has *it* used possessively. So, again, near the close of the preceding Act: "And that there thou leave it to *it* own protection." The same thing occurs sometimes in other plays; as in *Hamlet*, i. 2: "It lifted up *it* head." Also in *King Lear*, i. 4: "The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long, that it had *it* head bit off by *it* young." This is perhaps a mark-worthy relic of old usage in regard to that word. I have more than once observed in foot-notes, that in Shakespeare's time *its* was not an accepted word, and that *his* or *her* was commonly used instead. The original edition of the English Bible does not use *its* at all; though in a few places we find *it* used possessively, which is changed to *its* in modern editions, and rightly, no doubt. It is true that *its* occurs several times in the original text of this play, for the word was then creeping into use; but the instances quoted above of *it* used possessively look as if the Poet had some scruples about using *its*. White and Staunton stick to the old printing in this point; which, it seems to me, is pushing conservatism one letter too far.

P. 190. *But yet hear this; mistake me not:* My *life,*
I prize it not a straw. — Instead of "*My* life," the old text has "*no* Life." The passage is sometimes printed "*No!* life, I prize it not," &c. Dyce prints "*for* life," &c. The reading in the text is White's.

P. 193. *Quit his fortunes here*
Which you knew great; and to the certain *hazard*
Of all incertainties himself commended. — So the second folio. The first omits *certain*. See foot-note 13.

P. 193. *What wheels, racks, fires? what flaying,* or what *boiling*
In lead *or* oil?—The original has "what flaying? boyling? In Leads, or Oyles?" To complete the measure in the first line, the second folio added *burning*, and Capell printed "what flaying, *rather?*" Walker proposes "what flaying, *tearing*, boiling," &c. But the insertion of *or what* is the simplest remedy; and so Dyce gives it. "In *lead* or *oil*" is Walker's correction.

P. 195. *Do not* revive *affliction:*
At my petition, I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, &c.—This passage has raised a deal of controversy. In the original it stands thus: "Do not *receive* affliction At my petition; I beseech you, rather," &c. For "At *my petition*" Collier's second folio substitutes "At *repetition*," and Lettsom proposes *By repetition*. But it seems to me that the simplest way out of the difficulty is by slightly changing the punctuation. The change of *receive* into *revive* is Staunton's; and it seems to me unquestionably right. See foot-note 18.

P. 196. Unto *these sorrows.*—So Walker. The original has "*To* these sorrows."

ACT III., SCENE 3.

P. 197. *I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,*
So fill'd and so o'er-running.—So Collier's second folio. The original has "So fill'd, and so *becomming*." White explains *becoming* as meaning *decent;* Staunton, *self-restrained;* Singer, *dignified.* White denounces *o'er-running* as "ridiculous," Staunton as "ludicrous"; whereupon Lettsom comments as follows: "According to Johnson, *to over-run* is *to be more than* full. Surely 'a vessel filled and over-running' is a rather better expression than 'a vessel filled and dignified,' or 'a vessel filled and self-restrained.' Or, if we suppose that here, as elsewhere, Shakespeare has intermingled the comparison and the thing compared, and that *filled* relates to *vessel*, and *becoming* to *Hermione*, how can this adjective be applied to a person? *A becoming bonnet, colour*, or *attitude*, I can understand; but what can be said of *a becoming young lady*, or *a becoming queen?*

P. 197. *There* wend *and leave it crying.*—So Collier's second folio. The original has *weepe* instead of *wend.*

P. 198. *I would there were no age between* sixteen *and three-and-twenty.* — Instead of *sixteen*, the old text has *ten*, which surely cannot be right. Hanmer substituted *thirteen;* the Cambridge Editors suggest *sixteen*, on the ground that 16 would be mistaken for 10, more easily than 13.

P. 199. *Mercy on's, a barn; a very pretty barn! A* god, *or a child, I wonder?* — The original reads "A *boy*, or a Childe I wonder?" The change was suggested to White by the corresponding passage in Greene's novel. It seems to me a very happy correction. See foot-note 7. The old reading has caused much perplexity to editors; and the best that has been alleged in its support is, that in some counties *child* appears to have been used especially for *female infant:* but this needs more confirmation than is yet forthcoming.

P. 199. *Sometimes to see 'em, and* then *not to see 'em.* — So Capell. The old text lacks *then*, which is plainly needful to the sense.

P. 200. *Would I had been by, to have help'd the* nobleman. — So Theobald. The original has "the *old man*." The Shepherd could not know that Antigonus was an *old man;* but the Clown has just told him "how he cried out to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a *nobleman*."

P. 200. *You're a* made *old man.* — The original has *mad.*

ACT IV., CHORUS.

P. 201. The authorship of this *Chorus* is, to say the least, exceedingly doubtful. Mr. White "more than suspects" it to have been written by Chapman. Certainly, if Shakespeare wrote it, his hand must have lapsed from or forgot its cunning for the time. The texture and movement of the verse are very different from what a ripe Shakespearian tastes in the rest of the play. As compared with the *Choruses* in *King Henry V.*, the workmanship is at once clumsy, languid, and obscure. Shakespeare indeed is often obscure; but his obscurity almost always results from compression of thought, not from clumsiness of tongue or brain.

P. 202. *I* witness'd *to*
The times that brought them in. — So Capell. The old text has *witness* instead of *witness'd.*

P. 202. *And remember well*
A *mention'd son o' the King's, which Florizel*
I now name to you. — The original reads "*I* mentioned *a* sonne," &c.; where verse and statement are alike at fault; for so we have Time, honest old chorus as he is, telling a wrong story. It is true, mention has been made of a son of Polixenes; but the Chorus did not make it, nor has he, till now, said a word to us on any subject. Instead of *I mentioned*, Hanmer reads *There is;* which infers an improbable misprint. Most likely *I* got repeated by mistake from the next line, and then *a* was interpolated, in order to make apparent sense.

ACT IV., SCENE I.

P. 203. *It is* sixteen *years since I saw my country.* — The original here says "*fifteene*," but it has *sixteen* both in the Chorus and in the last scene of the play.

P. 203. *But I have* musingly *noted.* — So Hanmer and Collier's second folio. The original has *missingly*, which can hardly be explained to any fitting sense. See foot-note 2.

P. 204. *That's likewise part of my intelligence;* and *I fear the angle that plucks our son thither.* — So Theobald. The old text has *but* instead of *and.* The former requires a very strained explanation, to make it fit the place.

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 205. *With, hey!* with, hey! *the thrush and the jay.* — So the second folio. The second *with, hey!* is wanting in the first.

P. 209. *Let me be* unroll'd, *and my name put in the book of virtue.* — Lettsom believes *unroll'd* to be "a mere blunder of the ear for *unrogued.*" And he observes that "*unroll'd*, without any thing to determine its application, cannot well stand alone." I suspect he is right.

ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 211. *I should blush*
To see you so attirèd; more, *I think,*
To see *myself* i' the *glass.* — The old text reads "*sworne* I

thinke, To *shew* my selfe *a* glasse." Here *sworn* must be taken as agreeing with *you*, and so may possibly be made to yield a fitting sense, but hardly. Hanmer changed *sworn* to *swoon*, and is followed by Singer, Staunton, and Dyce: nevertheless I cannot abide that reading: Perdita could never speak so. Nor can I get the meaning, "to *see* myself *in* a glass," out of the words, "to *show* myself a glass." The change of *sworn* to *more* was proposed by Dr. C. M. Ingleby and by Mr. Samuel Bailey. Theobald made the other changes. The reading here printed is something bold indeed, but gives a sense so charmingly apt, that I cannot choose but adopt it.

P. 213. Welcome, sir:
It is my father's will I should take on me, &c. — So Capell. The original reads "*Sir, welcome*," which leaves the verse defective. Hanmer printed "Sir, *you're* welcome." This accomplishes the same object, but not, I think, so well.

P. 214. *So*, even *that art*
Which you say adds to Nature is an art
That Nature makes. — The original reads "so *over* that Art," which is commonly printed "so, *o'er* that art." With *o'er*, I cannot make the expression tally with the context. The reading in the text is Craik's. Capell reads *e'er*.

P. 215. *O Proserpina,*
For th' flowers now, that, frighted, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's wagon! golden *daffodils*, &c. — *Golden* is wanting in the original; which leaves both verse and sense defective. Coleridge remarks upon the passage, "An epithet is wanted here, not merely or chiefly for the metre, but for the balance, for the æsthetic logic. Perhaps *golden* was the word which would set off the *violets dim*." What with Coleridge's authority, and Walker's approval, and the evident fitness of the thing, I venture to supply the word.

P. 217. *Nothing but that; move still, still so*, and own
No other function. Each your doing is
So singular in each particular,
Crowning *what you* have done i' the *present* deed,
That all your acts are queens. — The original gives these five lines thus:

> Nothing but that: move still, still so:
> *And owne* no other Function. Each your doing,
> (So singular, in each particular)
> *Crownes* what you *are doing, in the* present *deeds,*
> That all your Actes, are Queenes.

"Here," says Walker, "I think, a line, or possibly two have dropt out, which, if preserved, would have obviated the difficulty of construction, which forms the only blot on this most exquisite speech." I can hardly assent to this as regards the amount lost; but there is evidently some bad corruption in the passage, both sense and verse being out of joint: and I have no doubt that a word or two got lost from the text, and one or two other words changed. Instead of "what you *are doing*," the sense clearly requires "what you *have done*." In this point, my conjecture is, that *doing* got repeated from the second line before, and then *you have* was altered to *you are*, so as to accord with *doing;* thus rendering the clause incoherent with the context. With the changes I have ventured to make, both sense and verse seem brought into proper order. The old text is, to my sense, convicted of error by certain comments it has called forth; not explanations at all, but sheer obfuscations, and hyperbolical absurdities. "Each your doing crowns what you are doing, in the present deeds," is neither English nor sense, and no glozing can make it so. And the comments aforesaid amount to just this, that the passage means something which, if the writers could only tell what it means, would be seen to be superlatively fine.

P. 217. *And the true blood which peeps* so *fairly through't.* — So Capell, Walker, and Collier's second folio. The original lacks *so.*

P. 217. *Nothing she does or* seems
But smacks of something greater than herself. — Instead of *seems,* Collier's second folio has *says,* which is adopted by White; perhaps rightly.

P. 218. *He tells her something*
That makes her blood look out. — So Theobald. The old text has "look *on't.*" The misprint of *on't* for *out* occurs repeatedly. See note on "laid mine honour too unchary out," vol. v. page 249.

P. 218. *Pray* you, *good shepherd, what fair swain is this*
Which dances with your daughter? — So Walker. The original lacks *you.* Hanmer printed "*I* pray."

P. 218. I but *have it*
Upon his own report, and I believe it. — The original reads "*but I* have it," which quite untunes the sense of the passage. Corrected by Walker.

P. 219. *And break a foul* jape *into the matter.* — The original has *gap* instead of *jape*, which is from Collier's second folio. See foot-note 26.

P. 220. *Has he any* embroided *wares.* — So Collier's second folio. The original has "*unbraided* Wares." This has been explained "not braided, not knitted," and "undamaged, genuine"; but neither of these senses answers the occasion very well, or has much affinity with the context.

P. 222. Clammer *your tongues, and not a word more.* — So Crosby. The original has "*clamor* your tongues." The common reading is *clamour*, and various attempts have been made to connect it with the ringing of bells. Dyce, though he prints *clamour*, thinks that "the attempts to explain this by referring it to bell-ringing ought to have ceased long ago." We have an instance of the word so applied in *Much Ado*, v. 2:

> *Bene.* If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than *the bell rings* and the widow weeps.
> *Beat.* And how long is that, think you?
> *Bene.* Question: — why, an hour in *clamour*, and a quarter in rheum.

But here the word is evidently used in a sense just the opposite of that required in the text. *Clamor* may there be an instance of phonographic spelling; or the two words, though quite distinct in origin and meaning, may have been sometimes spelt alike. Mr. Crosby writes me that "*clammer* in *The Winter's Tale* is the Clown's way of pronouncing *clam;* and in Westmoreland, England, the word is mainly pronounced *clammer*. Were I editing the play, I should assuredly print it *clammer;* and every Northern man would instantly know it meant *stop;* literally *stick, fasten up*, or *together*." In confirmation of what is quoted from Mr. Crosby in foot-note 36, it may be well to add the following from Richardson: "CLAM, or CLEM, to hold tight; Anglo-Saxon, *Clam*, a band. *Clamm'd*, in Gloucestershire, Mr. Grose says, means *to be choked up*, as the mill is *clamm'd* up; and in the North, *starved*. Ray: '*Clem'd* or *clam'd*, starved; because, by famine,

the bowels are, as it were, *clammed* or stuck together. Sometimes it signifies *thirsty;* and we know in thirst the mouth is very often *clammy.*' "

P. 225. *Master, there is three* goat-herds, *three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds,* &c. — So Theobald and Walker. The original has *carters* instead of *goat-herds.* In the second speech after, Polixenes says, "pray, let's see these *four* threes of *herdsmen.*

P. 226. *Sooth, when I was young,*
And handled *love as you do,* &c. — So Collier's second folio. The old text has "And *handed* love."

P. 226. *You were straited*
For a reply, at least if you make care
Of happy holding her. — The original has "make *a* care." The interpolated *a* is among the commonest errors.

P. 226. *As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,*
Or Ethiop's *tooth.* — The original has "*Ethyopians* tooth." Corrected by Dyce.

P. 229. *If I may ever know thou dost but sigh*
That thou no more shalt see this knack, — as never
I mean thou shalt, &c. — The old text repeats *never* by anticipation, — "no more shalt *never* see."

P. 229. *Hides not his visage from our cottage, but*
Looks on's *alike.* — In the original, "Looks *on* alike." Of course *on's* is a contraction of *on us.*

P. 231. *You know* your *father's temper.* — In the original, "*my* Fathers temper." An obvious error, corrected in the second folio.

P. 231. *For all the Sun sees, or*
The close earth wombs, or the profound sea *hides.* — The original has "profound *seas* hides." Capell's correction.

P. 232. *And, most oppórtune to* our *need.* — In the old text, "to *her* need." Corrected by Theobald.

P. 232. *I am so fraught with* serious *business, that*
I leave out ceremony. — So Collier's second folio. The old text has *curious* instead of *serious.*

P. 234. *Asks thee,* the *son, forgiveness.* — In the original, "asks thee *there* Sonne."

P. 234. *Sent by the King your father*
To greet him, and to give him comfort. — The old text has *comforts.* Corrected anonymously.

P. 235. She is *as forward of her breeding as*
I' the rear our birth. — The original has *She's* instead of *She is* at the beginning of the first line, and also begins the second with *She is.* Hanmer struck out the latter, as overfilling the verse to no purpose; and Lettsom thinks the second *She is* to be "a mere double of the first, as Hanmer saw, if indeed it is not a correction out of place." He means, that it was probably intended as a correction of *She's* in the first line.

P. 235. *We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,*
Nor shall appear so *in Sicilia.* — So Lettsom. The original lacks *so.* Staunton also proposed the insertion of *so.*

P. 235. *It shall be so my care*
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play'd *were mine.* — The original has "as if The scene you *play.*" The reading in the text is Lettsom's.

P. 236. *They* throng'd *who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed.* — The original has "they *throng.*" An obvious error, hardly worth noting.

P. 236. *I would have* filed *keys* off *that hung in chains.* — The original reads "would have *fill'd* Keyes *of.*"

P. 238. *For I do fear eyes over* us. — The original lacks *us,* which is required both for sense and for metre.

P. 239. *If I thought it were* not *a piece of honesty to acquaint the King withal, I would do't.* — The original transposes the *not* into the last clause, — "I would *not* do't." Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 240. *And then your blood had been dearer by I know* not *how much an ounce.* — Here *not* is wanting in the old text. Inserted by Hanmer.

P. 243. There *stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead.* — So Capell. The old text has "*then* stand."

P. 244. *Which who knows* but luck *may turn to my advancement?* — The old text reads "which who knows *how that* may turn *back*," &c.; which is neither English nor sense. Collier's second folio changes *back* to *luck*. The reading in the text is Lettsom's.

ACT V., SCENE I.

P. 245. True, *too true, my lord.* — The original misprints the first *true* at the close of the preceding speech. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 245. *I think so. Kill'd!*
Kill'd! — *she I kill'd! I did so: but thou strikest me*
Sorely, to say I did. — So Theobald and Walker. The second *Kill'd!* is wanting in the old text.

P. 245. *You might have* spoke *a thousand things.* — The original has *spoken*. Not worth noting, perhaps.

P. 247. Thou *good Paulina,*
Who hast the memory of Hermione, &c. — So Capell. The original lacks *Thou*.

P. 247. *No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,*
And better used, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage —
Where we offend her *now — appear, soul-vex'd,*
And begin, Why to me? — So Theobald. In the old text the fourth line stands thus: "(Where we *offendors* now appear) Soul-vext." Theobald makes the following just note: "'Tis obvious that the grammar is defective, and the sense consequently wants supporting. The slight change I have made cures both; and surely 'tis an improvement to the sentiment for the King to say, that Paulina and he offended his dead wife's ghost with the subject of a second match, rather than in general terms to call themselves *offenders, sinners*."

P. 247. *Had she such power,*
She had just *cause.*—The original repeats *such* in the last clause,—"She had just *such* cause." Palpably wrong.

P. 248. Cleo. *Good madam,*—
Paul. *I have done.*
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,—
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To choose your *Queen.*—The original prints "I have done" as part of the preceding speech. Corrected by Capell. In the last line, the original has "chuse *you a* Queene." Corrected by Walker.

P. 249. *So must thy* grave
Give way to what is seen now.—Instead of *grave,* Hanmer has *graces,* and Lord Ellesmere's folio *grace;* rightly, perhaps, though, I think, rather tamely. See foot-note 5.

P. 249. *This is* such *a creature.*—So Hanmer. The original lacks *such.*

P. 250. *Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'st*
He dies to me again when talk'd of.—So Hanmer. The old text has "Prethee no more; *cease:* thou know'st," &c. Lettsom thinks that "Pr'ythee, no more," and "I pr'ythee, cease," are both genuine readings, the one being a correction of the other, and the two having got jumbled in the printing or the transcribing.

ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 257. *That she might no more be in danger of losing* her.—So Collier's second folio. The old text omits *her.*

ACT V., SCENE 3.

P. 263. *Scarce any joy*
Did ever so long live; no sorrow but
It *kill'd itself much sooner.*—So Walker. The original has *but* at the beginning of the last line, and lacks *It.* Capell completed the verse by printing *sir* instead of transferring *but.*

P. 264. *The fixure of her eye has motion in't,*
And *we are mock'd with art.*—So Capell. The original has "*As* we are mock'd with art." Rowe prints "As we *were* mock'd with art."

P. 265. *Then all stand still;*

Or *those that think it is unlawful business*, &c. — The original has *On* instead of *Or*. Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 267. *This* is *your son-in-law,*

And son unto the King, who — *Heavens directing* —

Is troth-plight to your daughter. — In the original the *is* after *this* is wanting; but the sense plainly requires it, either expressed or understood. Nor is there any real objection to it on the score of metre, since it only makes the fourth foot in line an Anapest instead of an Iamb; which is among the commonest variations in the Poet's verse. — In the next line, also, the old text has *whom* instead of *who;* thus making it the object of *directing*, and not the subject of *is troth-plight*, as the sense requires.

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